HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXXIV.—No. 1730.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1890.

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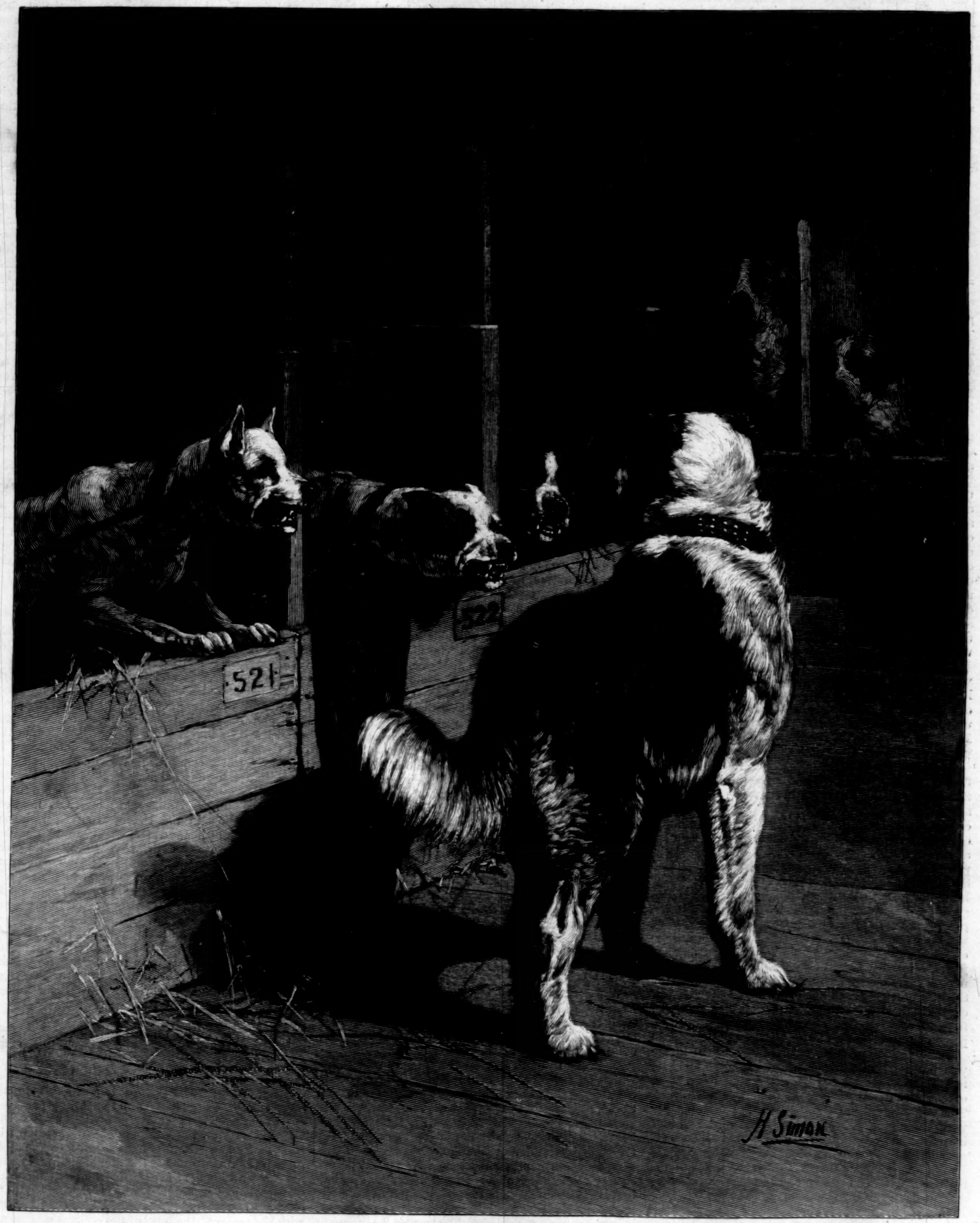

INNOCENCE ABROAD.—DRAWN BY HERMANN SIMON.—[SEE ARTICLE ON "MONARCHS OF DOGDOM," PAGE 122.]

"A weekly visit by HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is a source of constant instruction and entertainment."—*Chicago Herald.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The number for February 11th opens with the second part of a story by HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN, *entitled "The Child of Luck," with an illustration by* W. T. SMEDLEY.

Besides this, there is, in fiction, the fourth instalment of the serial story "Phil and the Baby," by LUCY C. LILLIE, *and a short story, "An Arctic Phantom," by* W. J. HENDERSON. *An effective full-page illustration accompanies this story.*

THE GROUSE ON SNOW-SHOES,

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON GIBSON,

is the title of one of this author and artist's weekly contributions, which are a marked feature of the current volume of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. *The interesting character of the curious subjects, taken from common country life, which* MR. GIBSON'S *pen describes, and the facile grace and delicacy with which his pencil illustrates them, make this series of short papers the most notable contribution of the year to juvenile periodical literature.*

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THE QUESTION OF A QUORUM.

THE Speaker of the House of Representatives is elected by a party majority, but, as Speaker CARLISLE showed by a service of four years, he may be so just and fair as a presiding officer that even his party opponents will gladly acknowledge his impartiality. His successor, Speaker REED, who is also the real leader of his party in the House, has already lost the opportunity of similar distinction. When the House met, there was a small Republican majority, and there were several contests for seats to be determined, and there were no rules of procedure. In this situation the patriotic and honorable, as well as the usual and traditional, course was evident. It was to make the adoption of rules the first question in order, that the settlement of contests, which were sure to produce excited debate, might not give occasion to the exercise of doubtful powers by the Speaker, which could only change excitement into exasperation. By taking this course, there would have been a code adopted by the majority to which obedience would have been a plain duty. If the minority had filibustered to prevent the adoption of rules, it would have put itself plainly in the wrong, unless it could have shown that the rules were intentionally unjust to the minority.

The attempt to settle contests and to do business without rules, and under the discretion of a relentlessly partisan Speaker, has resulted in an appeal to old passions against the minority, which is wholly unworthy of the majority. The assertion of Mr. MCKINLEY and Mr. BUTTERWORTH that the trouble was due to the unwillingness to yield to the majority was a plausible platform trick, but it was not sustained by a single fact. The very point at issue was that there was not a quorum in the sense of the Constitution voting, and that a quorum had been declared, not according to uniform precedent by recorded votes, nor by any Constitutional method, nor by any precedent except one or two bad Democratic precedents, and against the definite declarations of Speaker BLAINE, of Mr. GARFIELD, and of Speaker REED himself when on the floor, but by the simple allegation of the Speaker that he saw a quorum actually present. Yet one or two members entered as present were not there. The trouble would have disappeared if, instead of declaring a quorum in a manner justified neither by the Constitution nor by parliamentary practice, nor by any precedent which the Speaker himself would have probably acknowledged, except in the desperate situation which he had chosen for a party purpose to create, he had insisted that his party majority should be present.

The question which has lately disturbed the House was not a question of the right of the majority to rule, because a majority did not vote. A member, except in cases duly provided for, may refuse to vote. The responsibility for legislation lies undoubtedly with the majority. But a majority must manifest its will. Not only must it be a quorum to do business, but it must actually do business. If it declines its duty, it is responsible to the country, not to the Speaker. If it has not chosen to make rules for its guidance, and a Constitutional quorum being actually present, but not choosing to take part in the business, where does the Speaker find authority to compel it to participate? If the majority of the House had insisted upon adopting rules before beginning business, it could have provided that there should be a call of the House with its compulsory consequences. But the attempt to make a quorum present but refusing to do business actually participant in business, is an abuse of power as foolish as it is wanton, because no intelligent student of the facts is deceived by the cry that there is a denial of the right of the majority to rule, when a majority refuses to act, and because this is the kind of conduct which always recoils upon the dominant party. If the new rules shall authorize the Speaker to determine the presence of a quorum and they are adopted by the majority, the point will be settled for this Congress but against precedent.

THE CENTENARY OF THE SUPREME COURT.

IN the splendid series of patriotic centennial celebrations which began fifteen years ago, none has been of higher interest and significance than that of the Supreme Court of the United States, which has just occurred in New York. The Court discharges a function unknown in any other government, and in its tenure, in the vast scope of its powers, the character of its Judges, the vital importance of its action from the beginning, and the faithful acquiescence of the people, it is perhaps the crowning illustration of the triumphant wisdom of the American system. The test of popular government is the power of the people to restrain themselves. Unless that power exists such government is impossible, and the history of the Supreme Court is the long and illustrious demonstration of the existence of that power in the American people.

This conclusion is not disproved by the civil war. It is not supposable that any form of government, under all circumstances and all conditions of exasperated passion, can maintain peace. It is enough that all the serious doubts and Constitutional controversies of a century, except one, have been happily healed under the benign influence of the Court, and that only a dispute of the fundamental character of the government—a dispute which was purposely not definitely determined in the Constitution—was brought, as was inevitable, to the decision of arms. But the serene wisdom of the Court—and this is one of its greatest claims to national respect and confidence—under the adjusting amendments in which the war resulted, in no manner or degree permitted the cardinal conditions of the government to be affected. The national power is defined, and local authority is left absolutely untouched, however specious the plea for its disturbance. There has been question of the wisdom of some of its decisions, but, upon the whole, the Court was never more strongly intrenched in the trust and affection of the people. Its dignity and moral power reside in the fact that it is not only the creation but the reflection of the people.

The celebration was simple and impressive. It was saddened by the thought of the terrible calamity which prevented the presence of the President and the cabinet, but the discourses of the day were admirably appropriate and valuable reviews of the history of the Court, of the exercise of its great functions, of reminiscences of its members, and of its relations to the people. That the prolonged series of grave essays was somewhat wearisome is undeniable, but was not unanticipated. Considering the impossibility of saying everything upon so great a theme within the hour or hour and a half which a single discourse may fairly occupy, it is questionable whether the wiser course upon such occasions is not the selection of one orator only, for such treatment as the instinct of a fitting orator would suggest. The historic celebrations at Bunker Hill and Plymouth would not have been improved had the one oration been divided into four parts. Yet the combined addresses of the late celebration will form undoubtedly a complete general review of the first century of the Court. The bar of New York is to be congratulated heartily upon the imposing and becoming observance under its auspices of a day so memorable in history as the first coming in of the Supreme Court of the United States.

THE WORLD'S FAIR AND POLITICS.

WHILE the House of Representatives, in Mr. BLAINE'S phrase, was brought to the verge of a volcano, the Legislature of New York was convulsed by the World's Fair bill. We mentioned last week the extraordinary manner in which it was sought to "rush" it through the Legislature, a movement which was wisely prevented. But if that was comical, the succeeding incidents were even more comic. Communication was opened with Mr. PLATT, a private gentleman in New York with a taste for politics, which, however, was not strong enough to retain him in the Senate of the United States, where he sat for two months, and then resigned. The result of the counsel of Mr. PLATT was a suggestion that there was politics in the composition of the committee provided by the bill, and that the remedy lay in introducing more politics. The trouble, he thought, was the ascendency of the Democratic machine, which he said was practically guaranteed by the bill; but the trouble would be removed and politics taken out of the bill by giving the real power to the Republican machine, of which Mr. PLATT is chief engineer.

Nothing could be simpler, and some two dozen names were added to the proposed committee, to secure this happy result. The Assembly was exhorted to take politics out of the bill immediately by voting in the new members of the committee. But instead of this agreeable proceeding, there was a dreadful explosion of politics in the Capitol, which thundered and reverberated for some days. The Republican leader in the House "wanted to know, you know," why additional names, even of his best friends, should be placed in the bill. Would somebody give a reason? If somebody should say that it was a Tammany bill as it stood, the reply was that Mr. DEPEW and Mr. WARNER MILLER and Mr. ELIHU ROOT and Mr. CORNELIUS N. BLISS were all most eminent and acknowledged Republicans, and they were satisfied with the bill. Further information was asked about the persons who desired the change. Would somebody please mention their names? No; somebody would do nothing of the kind. The only answer vouchsafed was that any Republican who would not agree to insert the additional names was a renegade, a traitor, a "fragment," a b-lt-r, and a vile enemy of the Fair.

Some eighteen Republicans, nevertheless, and among them the leader of the House, dared to defy these awful epithets. They voted with the Democrats against the amended bill. The Republican Senate voted for it. There were dire confusion, and high words, and a conference committee, and a report, and a rejection of the report by the Assembly, and a mysterious and bewildering remark that the whole row was a scramble for Mr. EVARTS'S old shoes. The week ended with a breach in the party of the majority, and another remark of great energy from a legislator that he wanted the Fair, but he didn't want, and he'd be —— if he'd have, any TOM PLATT in it, the gentleman referred to being understood to be the private Mr. PLATT who withdrew fatigued from the Senate of the United States after a service of two months. The consequences of this violent party difference may be very serious for the chance of obtaining the Fair for New York. We are assured in all the papers that there is an enthusiastic and unanimous demand for it. But does this show it? Does the bill itself, which draws the money from the city, show it? Have not politics already superseded any other active interest in the Fair? Is the petulant denunciation of everybody who asks any question about what are obviously very questionable proceedings a proof of universal interest and determination? Really the vital question of the Fair seems to be, does Mr. PLATT wish it? The only answer seems to be, that his chief wish is that if there be a Fair, there shall be no politics in it, and the performance at Albany is the process of taking politics out of it.

"A GREAT DAY FOR COLUMBIA."

THE installation of the new President of Columbia College in the city of New York was an event of very great interest and significance. A man of scholarly accomplishment and training, of great experience in public and commercial affairs, of a singularly sound and wise judgment, of tried administrative skill, and of tranquil independence and courage, blended with admirable moderation, is called, in the full vigor of his manhood and before middle age, to the conduct of a college which had a close and intimate relation to the local and national life of the last century, but whose influence upon the modern life of New York and the country has been less marked. The proceedings in the Metropolitan Opera-house, which offers a fitting and stately scene for so dignified and impressive a ceremonial, were worthy of the great occasion. The vast and sympathetic audience and the distinguished assembly of guests, which was probably as notable a gathering of men most eminent in institutions of learning as has been seen in the country, except perhaps at the two-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of Harvard, listened with unflagging sympathy to a series of admirable addresses, in which not only the highest proprieties of the occasion were observed, but in the more important of which the tone was significant and unmistakable.

The chief address was the inaugural oration of President LOW. Like all his addresses of the day, it was spoken without notes, and with the easy and simple self-possession of a master of the occasion and the situation. The address itself was briefly historical, and then passed naturally to a statement of the scope of a great university, and to a strong plea from one of the best representatives of the characteristic activities of New York for the generous support by New York of an institution which, with so fine a historic tradition, represents the intellectual and spiritual forces which are the enduring foundations of human society. It was a strong, wise, dignified, and eloquent appeal, and it was impossible not to feel that with the orator at the head of the college, now peculiarly prosperous if compared with previous years, and with public sentiment more friendly than since its earlier day, the probability of a generous and effective local public sympathy would soon be apparent.

In the evening, at the brilliant dinner of the Alumni, President LOW made some very interesting and detailed statements in regard to the pecuniary condition and prospects of the college, and added the emphatic remark that while its resources seemed large, the expenses of such an institution, if adequately maintained and reasonably enlarged, would be very much greater than any income now possible. President ELIOT, of Harvard, in a frank and friendly speech, which fitly ended the proceedings of a memorable college day with the counsel and benediction of our oldest college, mentioned some facts in regard to Harvard similar to those respecting Columbia mentioned by President LOW. Upon this subject the moral of the Harvard President's speech was that Columbia required a more liberal support from New York than it had received, and that with such support it would become an institution in extent and variety, no less than in quality, worthy of the chief city of the country. His concluding remarks upon the true range and scope of such an institution were in a lofty strain, which was as delightful as it was natural, because it was the true voice of Harvard. It was the close of a day of renewed hope and faith and energy, which had recalled JAY and HAMILTON, LIVINGSTON and MORRIS, CLINTON and VERPLANCK, to illustrate the early leadership of Columbia, and to stimulate the just pride of a great city in its oldest school. The chief colleges which were not too distant had come to congratulate their comrade. A host of proud Alumni were gathered to cheer the happy event. "It is a great day for Columbia," said Mr. COUDERT, the President of the Alumni, as with quaint humor and felicitous eloquence he presided at the dinner; "but it is a greater day for New York."

A QUESTION AND AN ANSWER.

THE Charleston *News and Courier* replies with perfect courtesy to our late question. The *News and Courier* having said that in all the Southern States a reasonable and intelligent ballot would be counted whether cast by a white or colored voter, we asked who shall decide what is a fair and reasonable ballot? The *News and Courier* answers, "The white race of the South is going to decide for itself, unaided and unhindered by any others." But as the postulate of this answer, as given in the same article, is that "negro rule cannot and will not be borne," the answer means that if the majority of ballots at any election should be those of colored voters, they would for that reason be rejected by the white voters as not fair and reasonable. The answer, therefore, as the *News and Courier* will see, does not vindicate its original remark, which was that ballots, even if from colored voters or presumably for colored candidates, would be counted if fair and reasonable. The conclusion now is, plainly, that fair and reasonable ballots would not be counted if they resulted in what is called negro rule; and this, unquestionably, is the position of the white voters in the Southern States.

It is at least a frank and intelligible position. The resources of the national government are exhausted. The question has become one for the people of every State to decide for themselves. The Supreme Court has interpreted the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments in accordance with this view. But there are yet two points which so intelligent a journal as the *News and Courier* cannot neglect. The first is that its declaration, "negro rule," however intelligent, "cannot and will not be borne," is in direct contravention of the purpose and spirit of the declaration of the Constitution that the right to vote shall not be abridged by any State on account of color. Technically and literally it is not abridged by the State, but it is abridged in fact, and confessedly on account of color, by citizens of the State. The *News and Courier* will not deny that in such abridgment the moral purpose of the amendment is defied. Does the *News and Courier* think that a community can wisely and safely live in constant, confessed, and intentional contempt of the provision of its fundamental law upon the most vital power of a popular government—the suffrage? This is not a question of color, because it is equally applicable to any similarly disfranchised class.

The other point is of another kind. The Fourteenth Amendment provides that if the right to vote is denied to any lawful voter because of any reason except for crime, the basis of representation shall be proportionately reduced. This again contemplates State action. But there is no moral or honorable doubt of its purpose. When, therefore, the right to vote of half the voters in a State is denied by the other half, although there may be no national remedy, does the *News and Courier* think it fair or safe for that other half to enjoy the share of representation which is based upon the suppressed vote? Granting that the negro is incapable of intelligent voting, and that the whites are justified in annulling his vote, are they also justified in securing by that course a representation which in some cases is double that of their fellow-citizens in New York and elsewhere? These are questions, as we think the *News and Courier* will agree, not of mere sentiment, but of national harmony. They are asked in no spirit of dispute, but for information. They must have occurred to honorable and patriotic citizens of the Southern States. To the direct inquiry of the *News and Courier* what we should do in the same situation, we answer that before abandoning the fundamental principle of popular government and the purpose and provisions of the Constitution, we should certainly attempt a legal restriction of the suffrage, and we should insist that the State should relinquish the representation which she enjoys solely because of the assumption that the vote is actually cast which is in fact suppressed.

MR. PLATT'S ASCENDENCY.

A CORRESPONDENT asks us the explanation of the singular ascendency of Mr. THOMAS C. PLATT in the Republican party of New York. It is not a surprising question. Mr. PLATT holds no public office. He is not known as a statesman. He is not an orator nor a "magnetic man." He is not identified with important public actions. He is not even a public figure, in the sense of general familiarity with his appearance. But there is no Republican in the State, no Senator, no Representative, no leader of any mark, who has so plain and positive an influence in directing the party. If an appointment be sought, it is well for the applicant to have the influence of any one of certain gentlemen. But if a rival can gain Mr. PLATT's favor, it will outweigh them all. It was naturally supposed after Mr. WARNER MILLER's campaign for the Governorship of New York, and the picturesque telegram of condolence with his defeat from President HARRISON, that Mr. MILLER would be a very influential friend of the administration, if not its chief adviser in New York. But this has not happened. Mr. PLATT seems to have been the recognized power in the State.

The reason of his ascendency we suppose to be his mastery of the modern methods of party management and his political sagacity. Mr. PLATT makes a business of politics. He sees the relation of events as they occur to parties and politicians, and he perceives how to turn them to party results. If a Convention is to be held, he has already and betimes decided, from his point of view, who would be a suitable candidate, and by long attention and care, like Mr. THURLOW WEED and Mr. TILDEN, he has established such relations with local politicians throughout the State that when the Convention meets the advice of Mr. PLATT is readily followed, because experience seems to the party politicians to have demonstrated its value. In such ways, and with the advantages of the prestige which attends such leaders, and which exaggerates both their ability and their power, he becomes practically a party autocrat. Cool, self-possessed, reticent, and ready at every point and for every emergency, he easily frustrates less well laid plans and sudden "spurts" of independence and opposition. The habit of submission leads his party, as in the case of TWEED, to do his behests, as in the action upon the World's Fair bill. It is a kind of power which a man of a certain taste and sagacity, willing to devote himself to its acquisition, may be pretty sure of obtaining.

Such ascendency is all the more attainable at a time when no great and absorbing question commands public attention, and when party union is maintained less by conviction and feeling than by tradition and discipline. In times when party politics become a game, the necessity of what is called a machine to secure party success is more evident, and it is at such times that the qualities which are recognized in Mr. PLATT are found most useful. His position in his party, whether agreeable or not to party pride, is undoubtedly that of leadership, and it is not improbable that he is looking to a return to the Senate of the United States.

THE CALAMITY AT WASHINGTON.

SINCE the assassination of President GARFIELD no event of the kind has so deeply shocked the country as the calamity which has befallen Secretary TRACY. It may be almost said to have brought a pang to every household in the land, and sympathy for the Secretary has been universal and profound. This melancholy event and the double bereavement of Secretary BLAINE have cast a mournful shadow upon the administration, and they call a truce to the fury of party warfare. But no sympathy, however sincere and general, no pity, however tender, can assuage the grief of the chief sufferer. It can be hoped only that time may gradually soothe the sorrow which it can never heal, and that devotion to great duties may at last reconcile him to a life from which all joy has vanished.

MR. PARNELL AND THE "TIMES."

THE settlement of Mr. PARNELL's suit for libel against the London *Times* by the payment by the *Times* of twenty-five thousand dollars, and the practical confession of its offence, is an exceedingly significant event. Mr. PARNELL had denied in the House of Commons the truth of the charges of the *Times*, and had asked for a committee of investigation, which was refused. The subsequent proceedings before the commission revealed the forgery of the papers upon which the charges were founded, and the complete deception of the *Times*. It was a great humiliation for the Thunderer. But it was more, because it showed to the British public its mistaken estimate of Mr. PARNELL.

The articles, which were designed to demonstrate the identity of Parnellism and crime, were adapted to the existing British opinion of Mr. PARNELL. That he was substantially a conspirator against the unity of the empire, who would not hesitate, and had not hesitated, at crime to effect his purpose, was the belief of a great and powerful body of Englishmen, represented by the coalition of Tories and old Liberals known as the Union party. The confession and death of the forger was both a moral defeat and demoralization of this party, because it shook profoundly confidence in the wisdom of the party leaders and in the criminality of Mr. PARNELL.

That the Union party view of the political situation is not extending is shown by the elections, and the strong influence upon public opinion has been undoubtedly the revelation of the forgery. This is now followed by the confession and payment of damages by the *Times*. It is the completion of the greatest disaster that has ever befallen that paper. For its willingness to pursue an opponent in the most ruthless manner upon evidence which ought not to have deceived a child has been exposed, and reliance upon its judgment and its mysterious sources of information has disappeared. It is now to be seen whether the House of Commons will bring to its bar the authors of a baseless criminal libel against one of its members, or whether such a triumph for Mr. PARNELL would be too intolerable.

PERSONAL.

THE late Professor C. A. LYMAN, of Yale College, had during his life of seventy-six years been the pastor of a church in this country, a missionary in the Sandwich Islands, a land surveyor, a California gold miner, an editor, a teacher, and an astronomer. He was graduated from Yale in 1837, among his classmates being Senator W. M. EVARTS, Chief-Justice WAITE, Judge EDWARDS PIERREPONT, and Professor BENJAMIN SILLIMAN. He helped start the *Yale Literary Magazine*, and years afterward worked on the first unabridged edition of Webster's Dictionary. In 1857 he became Professor of Industrial Mechanics and Physics in the Sheffield Scientific School, and in 1870 was appointed Sheffield Professor of Astronomy and Physics.

—M. F. H. DE HAAS, the well-known marine painter, who has his workshop in the old Tenth Street Studio Building, resides in Brooklyn, E. D. Twice a day he crosses the East River by the Twenty-third Street Ferry, and even in the worst weather seldom fails to keep his stand outside, that he may have the opportunity of studying water and sky effects. He affirms that he has caught some of the best points he has made in painting during these trips. Mr. DE HAAS is a Hollander, and although he has lived in this country for many years, has never lost a certain preciseness of pronunciation that betrays his foreign birth and education.

—Among his many cares of state, Prince BISMARCK yet finds time to divert his mind with other pursuits. He has just established a large brick-yard near Lauenberg, where there is a fine bed of clay, and he has for some time carried on the businesses of a paper-maker, a distiller, and a farmer.

—Another picture of Mr. GLADSTONE is about to be begun by the artist BIGNELL, but instead of giving regular sittings, the Grand Old Man requires that the painter shall set up his easel in the statesman's library, and catch such expressions as he wishes while his subject is busy with his own work. A very successful portrait is expected from these methods, and when completed it will be taken by the city of Birmingham.

—PRESTON WARE, of Boston, a famous chess-player, is dead, at the age of sixty-nine years. He had played in chess congresses in this and other countries, and had met nearly every famous player of his time.

—Senators BERRY, of Arkansas, and HAMPTON and BUTLER, of South Carolina, have each lost a leg, while in the House, Colonel OATES, of Alabama, and General HOOKER, of Mississippi, are both one-armed.

—JOHN ROGERS, the sculptor, began life as a Boston dry-goods clerk, and not till he was thirty-one years old, after he had run a locomotive on a New England railroad, worked in a machine shop, and been a surveyor, did he produce his first group, the "Slave Auction." During these years of waiting he had worked in clay in a small way, and even saved enough money for a trip to Paris and Rome. He is now sixty years old, and during the last half of his life has made and sold eighty thousand groups, "Coming to the Parson" having the largest sale.

—Miss AMY C. FOWLER, or Sister Rose Gertrude, the young English nun who is going to the Sandwich Islands to devote her life to the lepers, is the daughter of Rev. FRANCIS WILLIAM FOWLER, an Episcopal clergyman at Court Down, near Bath, England. She has spent much of her time in London hospitals, and studied leprosy for two years in PASTEUR's institute in Paris. Besides her work among the disease-stricken islanders, Miss FOWLER will study and cultivate leper bacilli, a complete set of instruments for this purpose being a part of her equipment. The result of her labors will be sent to the leprosy society of Boston. Miss FOWLER is petite in form, weighing hardly one hundred pounds, and has a pretty and intellectual face.

—The late WILLIAM WARREN, of Boston, provided by will that after his wife's death $50,000 of his property shall be given to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, to purchase paintings by artists of the modern school.

—For the first time since her husband's death, Mrs. General U. S. GRANT is spending a part of the winter in Washington, and sharing in the social gayeties of the season. She is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. WASHINGTON MCLEAN.

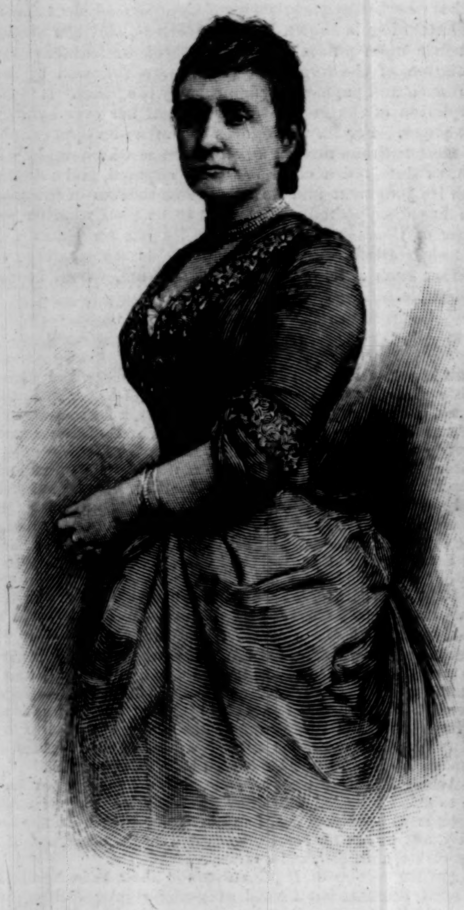
—"Aunt DOTY" CURRIE died recently in Warwick, New York, at the age of one hundred and seven years. She contracted a second marriage in her ninety-second year, the bridegroom being sixty-eight years old.

—LYMAN TRUMBULL, so much of whose life has been spent in public service, still practises law in Chicago. He is seventy-seven years old, but in good health.

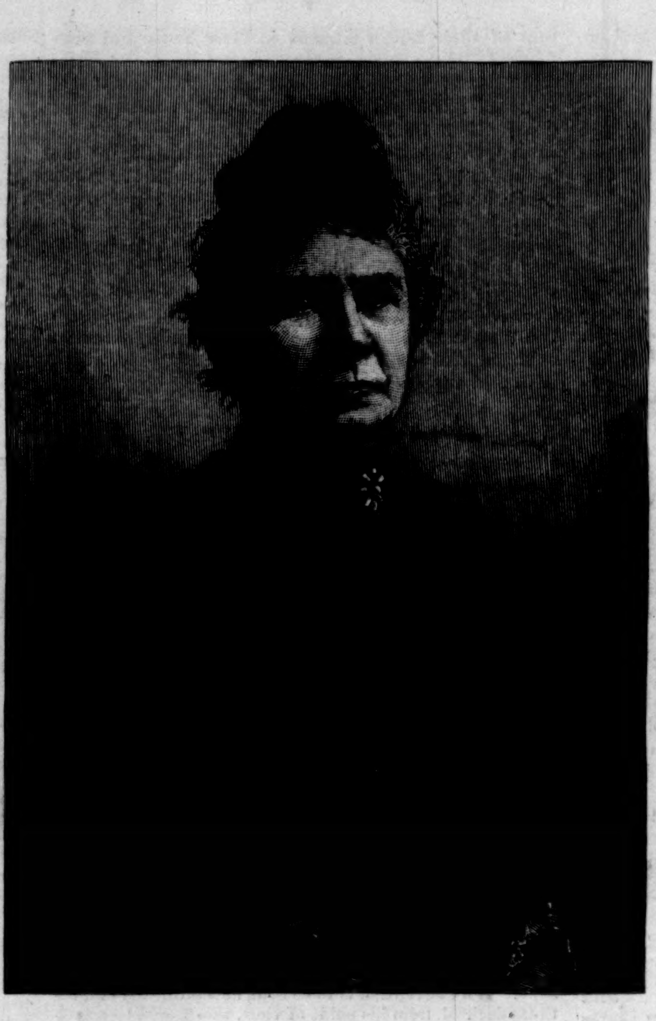
—Some of the rarest chrysanthemums produced in this country had their origin from specimens sent from Japan by Rev. JOSEPH NEESIMA, the missionary who has just died in his native land. He came to America as a stowaway in 1864, was educated at Amherst and Andover, and then returned to Japan, where he labored effectively for the cause of Christianity.

—THOMAS A. JONES, who was recently discharged from some inferior position in the Washington Navy-yard because he helped JOHN WILKES BOOTH escape across the Potomac after assassinating LINCOLN, is about seventy years old, and at the outbreak of the war was a prosperous planter, near Pope's Creek, Maryland. He was a rebel sympathizer during the war, and when a friend came to him with the fleeing BOOTH, he helped secrete the assassin for a week in the woods, and then sold him a boat with which to cross the river.

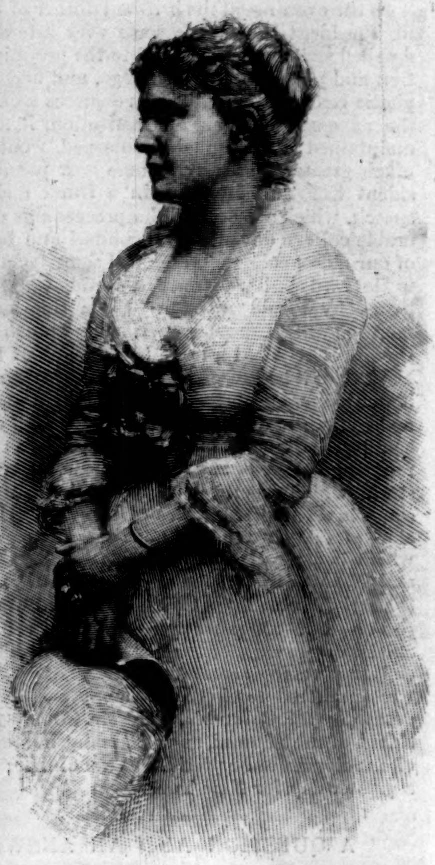
—A curious character in southwestern Maine is GEORGE S. MCINTIRE, whose appetite for mathematics and poetry has given him a more than local reputation. He is over sixty years old, and has always led a hand-to-mouth existence, his remarkable proficiency in the branches mentioned never having proved of any particular value to him. His taste for figures was roused when he was a boy by the gift of an old algebra. He mastered this without assistance, and since then has never been able to satisfy his greed for mathematics, the most abstruse branches proving no obstacle to his strange mental acquirement. His fondness for poetry is also marked, and he recites at random from SHAKESPEARE, MILTON, BYRON, and WHITTIER. At present MCINTIRE lives in a Biddeford garret, subsisting on the scraps which charitable acquaintances give him.



MRS. WILMERDING, THE SURVIVING DAUGHTER OF SECRETARY TRACY.—From a Photo. by Alva Pearsall.



THE LATE MRS. TRACY.—From a Photograph by Alva Pearsall.



THE LATE MISS TRACY.
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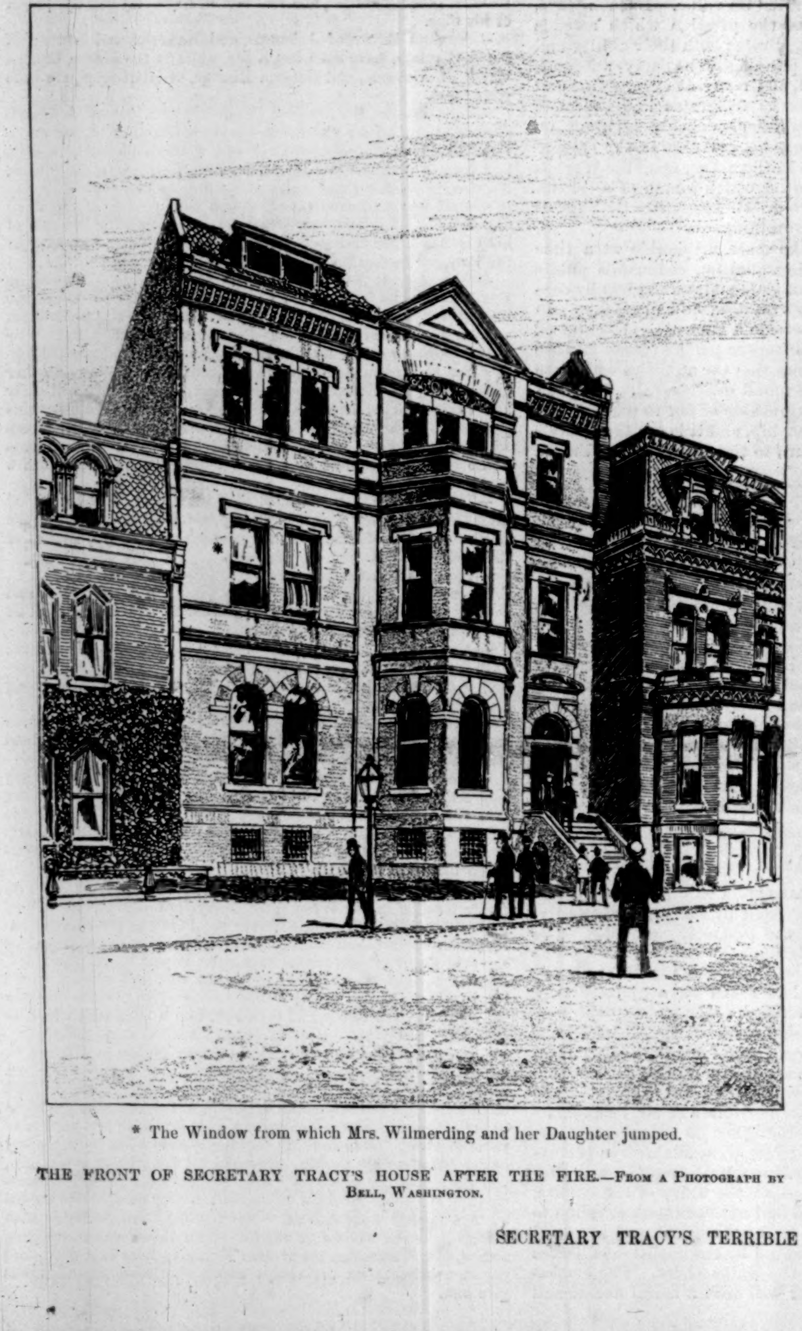
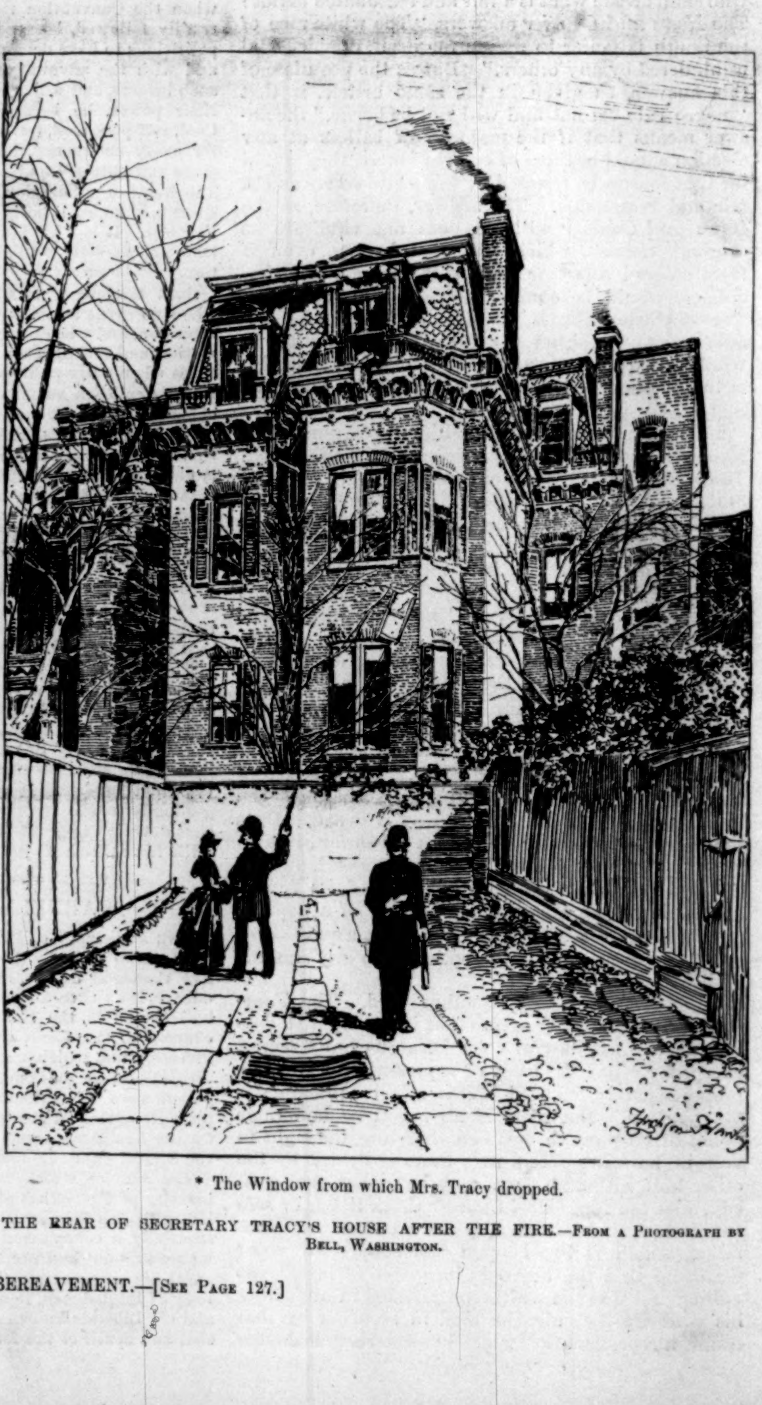


* The Window from which Mrs. Wilmerding and her Daughter jumped.

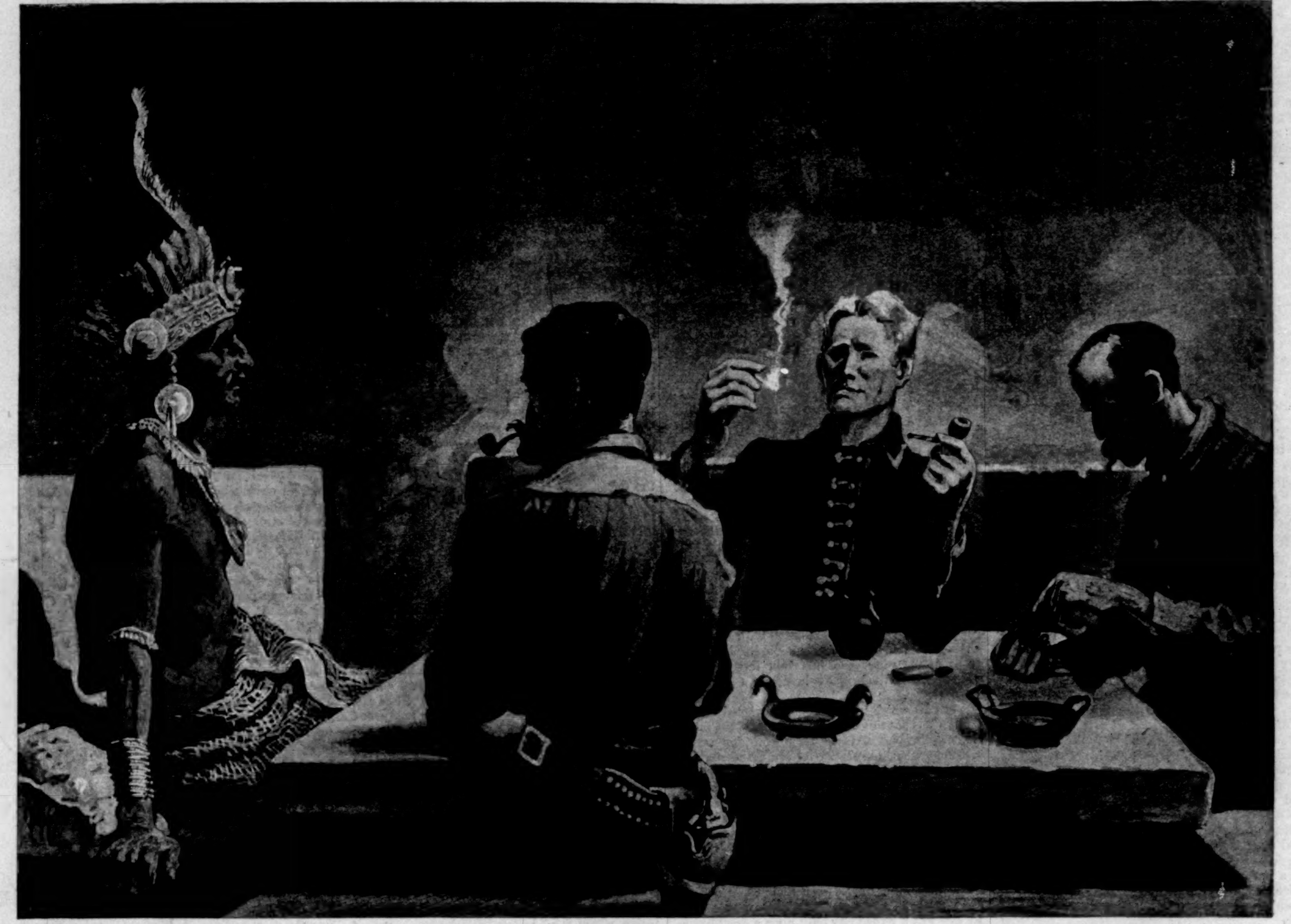
THE FRONT OF SECRETARY TRACY'S HOUSE AFTER THE FIRE.—From a Photograph by Bell, Washington.



* The Window from which Mrs. Tracy dropped.

THE REAR OF SECRETARY TRACY'S HOUSE AFTER THE FIRE.—From a Photograph by Bell, Washington.

SECRETARY TRACY'S TERRIBLE BEREAVEMENT.—[See Page 127.]



"AS WE FILLED OUR PIPES HE WATCHED US CURIOUSLY."

THE AZTEC TREASURE-HOUSE.*

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.

XVII.—OF OUR COMING INTO THE VALLEY OF AZTLAN.

SO unexpectedly had we come upon these strangers, and so marvellous was the finding thus of the hidden tribe for which we had sought so long, that I could not but dread, as we advanced toward the Aztec warriors, lest I should wake suddenly and find that it all was a dream. And they also, as it seemed to me, looked upon us doubtingly, and with somewhat of awe in their regard, as though uncertain whether we were beings from another world or men of flesh and blood like themselves.

Not until we were close upon them did further words—after that first challenge and answer—pass between us; and then the elder of the two, still making the peace sign with his raised right hand, and speaking with a trembling in his voice, as though deep emotion moved him, called to us: "Have our brothers need of our strength? Bring ye the token that summons us to their aid?"

I should have been glad just then for opportunity to consult with my companions as to what answer I should make to these questions; for I perceived that our position was a very critical one, and that even our lives might depend upon the wisdom of my reply. For a moment I waited, in the hope that Fray Antonio would make answer, but as he remained silent there was nothing for it but that I should take the hazard upon myself. Therefore, bringing forth the ancient piece of gold from the snake-skin bag—for so I had carried it constantly, even as the Cacique had done before me, and others before him for more than three hundred years—I held it toward the man who had spoken, and said firmly: "Here is the token of summons left behind him by Chaltzantzin; but we came not to call you forth to battle, but to bring tidings that the fate which that wise king and prophet foresaw for his people long since was fulfilled. In the time appointed, the stranger foemen overcame and enslaved your brethren, bringing to pass that which Chaltzantzin foretold; and the message that then was sent to call you forth to their aid reached you not, because even the wisdom of Chaltzantzin was powerless against the will of the gods. Yet the gods desired not to destroy your brethren but to punish them; and their punishment now is at an end. Once more are they free, and once more is their ruler a wise and a valiant man of their own race. Therefore the news which we bring you is not sorrowful but glad."

While I was thus speaking, the ringing cries which at the first alarm had sounded over all the valley grew louder and stronger; but as yet we saw only the two men who at the first had confronted us—for we were in a deep recess in the mountain whence the ground dropped away in front; so that the immediate foreground was hid from us and we saw only some distant meadows, and then a broad lake, and over this more meadows and a sweep of heavy timber, and back of all great mountains rising against the clear blue sky.

But as my speech ended, and before those to whom it was addressed at all had digested the wonder of it, and so hesitated in their reply, a half-dozen men and a woman or two came in sight in the narrow way before us, panting after their rapid ascent of the acclivity; and the calls of others pressing up the slope behind them sounded loudly, and in a very little while a crowd of a hundred or more pressed about us; all gazing at us and questioning us with a most eager surprise. For the most part these seemed to be laborers from the near-by fields; for many of them carried agricultural implements, and their bare legs and arms were splashed with mud and were grimy of the soil. As for the look of them, save that the flowing garments of cotton cloth which the women wore were embroidered in a fanciful fashion, I could not have distinguished these people from the tallest and strongest of the Indians dwelling in the hot lands of the coast about Vera Cruz. The men, who wore only a cloth twisted about their loins, were as magnificent fellows as I ever saw. Every one of them was tall and straight, with broad shoulders and narrow hips, and the muscles of their arms and legs stood out like cords. From Pablo, who was an unusually tall and well-formed lad, they differed only in the color of their skins—which were decidedly darker than his, as was to be expected in the case of men dwelling in this tropical region at the level of the sea.

Toward Pablo these people manifested a familiar curiosity quite unlike their reverential manner toward the rest of us, who so obviously were not of their own race. And Pablo was as much perplexed by their questions as they were by his answers; for never was a conversation carried on so hopelessly at cross-purposes. Our boy, being spoken to by folk who obviously were as entirely Mexicans as he was himself, and in a tongue that practically was that which he had been born to—for the Indians dwelling in the Guadalajara suburb of Mexicalcingo, being the direct descendants of a pure Aztec stock, speak the Nahua language very correctly—could not at all realize that he was at last among the ancient race for which we had searched so long. It was his belief that we had come out, in accordance with Rayburn's forecast, into the coast country, and that the people around him were the ordinary dwellers in the hot lands. And the Aztecs, knowing him to be one of themselves, no doubt believed that he knew of the purpose for which they had been left to dwell apart, and so plied him with questions concerning their brethren from whom through long ages they had been separated.

As their talk went on, getting the more involved with every question and reply, a tendency toward ill-temper began to develop itself on each side; for Pablo considered that these people, who professed to be ignorant of so important a city as Guadalajara, were making game of him; and they were not less disposed to believe that he either was answering them falsely or that he was a fool. Fortunately, before any harm came of these misunderstandings, an interruption brought a temporary end to their talk.

There was a stir among the crowd, and then an opening was made in it through which came an elderly man, wearing military trappings similar to, but much handsomer than, those worn by the two warriors whom we had first encountered; and it was evident from the air of deference with which these saluted him that he was their superior officer. In spite of the dignity of his demeanor it was evident that he was greatly excited by our advent, and his voice quivered and broke a little as he asked us who we were and whence we came. As I repeated what I had already told the guard, and showed the gold token, the expression upon his face was that of extreme perplexity. That the gold token gave us a strong claim upon his respect, almost upon his reverence, was evident by his manner as I showed it to him; but the conditions under which it was presented obviously rendered him very uncertain as to what action was proper for him to take.

When I had finished my statement, and had returned the token to its place in the snake-skin bag (for the wisdom of carefully retaining this potent talisman in our possession was evident), the officer turned to the two warriors, and they conversed for a while in low tones apart from us. Of their talk I could catch only a few words; but several times I heard repeated the name Itzacoatl, and frequent reference was made to the Twenty Lords. I gathered, too, that the name of the officer was Tizoc, and that the name of the elder of the two warriors, a swarthy man, was Ixtlilton. In the mean time, out of respect to the officer, the crowd had drawn away from us—being now swelled to very considerable numbers—but those composing it gazed at us in wonder; and among them was a steady murmur of low talk like the buzzing of a hive of bees.

When his conference with the warriors was ended, Tizoc approached us, and with him came a younger man who carried a roll of paper in his hand. The face of the officer still wore a troubled, doubting expression, and these feelings were expressed also in the tones of his voice as he spoke to us. "For the coming of the token from our lord Chaltzantzin we who dwell in this Valley of Aztlan have waited through many ages," he said; "but the promise was given that the token should come to us from our brethren in the time of their need, and should be brought by those of our own race. But you tell us that the time of need long since is past, and ye who bring the token are of a race that is strange to us—and even this one among you who seems to be of our brethren speaks strangely of strange things. Had ye come in the way that long past was promised, there would have been no room for questioning your right of entry here nor your authority over us; and I, who am the Warden of the Pass—being in right succession from him whom our lord Chaltzantzin appointed to this high office—would have been the first to do you reverence and honor. But in this strange case that has arisen I hold it to be my duty to send news of your coming to the Priest Captain, Itzacoatl, that he and his Council of the Twenty Lords may decide what now is right to do. In this I mean no disrespect and no unkindness; and while we await the Priest Captain's orders I shall have the pleasure to offer you that rest and refreshment of which you stand in need."

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1722.

To this firm but courteous speech I was in the act of replying in fit terms of equal courtesy, for all that Tizoc had said was so reasonable that no exception could be taken to it, when an outburst on Young's part interrupted me.

"Hold on there, young fellow!" he cried. "I'll be shot if I'm going to stand being made a fool of that way! If you can't make a better likeness of me than that, you'd better shut up shop and go out of the business."

I turned quickly, and saw Young standing beside Tizoc's attendant and looking half angrily and half laughingly at the sheet of paper that he held in his hand. Fearful that some harm might come from Young's maladroitness, I joined them quickly; and only a strong sense of the gravity of our situation restrained me from laughing outright as I beheld the cause of his wrath. For the secretary, as I now perceived him to be, had made sketches in color of each member of our party; and while they all did violence to our vanity, that of Young—with a bald head out of all proportion to the size of his body, and with most aggressively red hair—was so outrageous a caricature that there really was some justice in his resentment of it.

But this was not a time when resentment could be safely manifested, and I hurriedly explained to Young that these pictures no doubt were to be transmitted as a part of the report that Tizoc was about to make to the King concerning us, and that he must find no fault with them.

"He's goin' to send that thing to the King an' say it's me, is he? No, he's not—not by a jugful! See here, Professor, here's a photograph that I had taken last spring in Boston; I meant to give it to a girl before I came away, but she went back on me an' I didn't. It's not much of a photograph, but it don't look like a squash trimmed with red clover. If they want to send anything, let 'em send that." And before I could stop him, Young had taken the photograph out of his pocket-book and had handed it to the secretary with the remark: "Just say to him, Professor, that he is to give that to the King; and tell him to tell the King that Mr. Seth Young, of Boston, sends it with his compliments."

After all, no harm came of this absurd performance, but rather good. For the secretary exhibited the photograph to Tizoc, and both of them, and the two warriors also, were lost in wonder at its marvellous likeness to the original; and evidently held us in increasingly great respect because we were the possessors of such an extraordinary work of art. Young was a good deal chagrined, however, because the picture of him that the secretary had drawn was forwarded as a part of Tizoc's despatches. He said that since he had set up a good likeness of himself it wasn't the square thing to send the King a bad one.

When the secretary, bearing the despatches, had departed, Tizoc requested us to accompany him to the near-by guard-house, where we could refresh ourselves by bathing, and where food and drink would be provided for us. This order, for such it was, we obeyed gladly; for we were both weary and hungry, and the prospect of what Young described as a good wash and a square meal after it was very pleasing to us. A detachment of men from the guard-house, accoutred in the same handsome fashion as Ixtlilton and his companion, had arrived while the secretary's portrait-work was in progress; and I observed that all of these guardsmen (excepting only Ixtlilton, whose skin was dark) were much lighter in color and more gracious in bearing than the men in the crowd around us. So marked, indeed, was this difference that they seemed scarcely to belong to the same race.

As we moved away through the opening that the crowd made for us, with a platoon of guardsmen in advance and another in our rear, Pablo touched my arm and was about to speak to me; but before his mouth could open there sounded suddenly from the hollow way in the mountain behind us a mighty bray. "Ah, the little angel!" Pablo cried. "Harken to him, señor, calling to me!" And so moved was Pablo by this evidence of El Sabio's affection that only my firm grasp upon his arm restrained him from attempting a dash through the guards to where the creature was penned in by the metal bars.

Truly there is no sound more terrifying to those who are strangers to it than the braying of an ass; therefore I was not at all surprised that a very considerable part of the crowd incontinently took to its heels; and I needed no better evidence of the bravery of the guardsmen who composed our escort than the steadiness with which they faced about in readiness to meet whatever danger might come forth from the gap in the mountain in the wake of this great roaring. Yet what they saw there was only the mild face of the Wise One, extended toward us through the opening in the bars.

To Tizoc, who was standing beside me, and who had not displayed even the slightest tremor of alarm as the appalling noise had broken upon us, I explained that the roaring creature was not harmful, but gentle and biddable; and I begged that other of the bars might be removed so that it might come forth and join us. That he acceded instantly to my request gave me a good opinion of his own faithfulness and honesty; for a man of a suspicious and crafty nature assuredly would have believed that my request was but a trap laid for his destruction. And thereupon the bars were removed; and the truth of my words was made manifest as El Sabio came instantly to Pablo and received his caresses with every sign of gentleness and affection. But even Tizoc did not disguise his wonder upon beholding this strange beast—for the largest four-footed creature in all that valley, as he told me, was a little animal of the deer species that was not much bigger than a hare. And when I bade Pablo mount upon El Sabio's back, the look of surprise in Tizoc's face changed suddenly to an expression of troubled doubt in which was also alarm. Under his breath I heard him mutter: "Can it be that the prophecy will be fulfilled?" But whatever the cause of his inward disturbance was, he spoke not of it; but turned once more forward and gave the order to march.

The crowd, seeing that no harm was like to come to them, pressed forward once more; and gazed with open-mouthed wonder—and also, as it seemed to me, with awe—at the prodigious spectacle which Pablo gravely riding upon the ass's back presented to them. And so, with the guards before and behind us, we marched onward into the Valley of Aztlan.

XVIII.—THE STRIKING OF A MATCH.

As we emerged from the nook in the mountain-side the whole of the valley lay open before us, and never was a more lovely spot beheld by the eyes of man. A half-dozen leagues in front of us rose the great mountain wall which shut in its further side, and about as far away to the right and to the left these walls swept around in vast curves and joined the cliffs through which we had come by the hollow way that tunnelled beneath them. A noble lake extended nearly the whole length of the valley and covered near a third of its width; and so seemed less like a lake than like a calm and majestic river. From the water-side the land rose in broad terraces, broken by belts of timber and by many groups of smaller trees which, because of the regularity of their growth, I took to be fruit plantations. All the open country seemed to be one vast garden, most carefully tended, and everywhere cut up by little canals whence water for irrigation was drawn. Scattered everywhere about the valley were single houses embowered in trees, and from where we stood we could see also four or five little towns which also were plentifully shaded. And on the lake many boats were passing, of which several were of a considerable size, and were fitted with curiously shaped sails. And all this exquisite tropical beauty of ample water and luxuriant foliage shone richly beneath the bright splendor of a deep blue tropical sky.

Yet that which most strongly attracted our attention was not this charming display of the manifold excellencies of God's handiwork, but rather a wonderful manifestation of the handiwork of man. Over against us, on the far side of the lake, slantingwise from where we stood, rose a mass of buildings of such vastness and such majestic design that at the first glance we took it to be one of the square-topped mountains which are found not uncommonly in this portion of the world, and around the bases of which are sloping heaps of the fragments of rock which have broken away through countless ages from their weather-worn sides. Yet in a moment we perceived that what we saw was a walled city built upon a great promontory that jutted out from the mountain-side; and in the same breath Fray Antonio and I called out together: "It is the city of Culhuacan!"

As we uttered this name Tizoc turned toward us quickly, and with a startled, troubled look upon his face. "They are not of our race," he said, as though speaking his thoughts aloud, "yet the sacred name, that among us only a few know, is known to them!"—and the troubled look upon his face deepened as we went onward.

The way by which we descended was a narrow road carried zigzag down the cliff—for the pass by which we had entered the valley was fully six hundred feet above the level of the lake—and at short intervals along its course this road was defended by walls of very solid masonry, pierced with openings so narrow that only one man at a time could pass through them. That the walls were for defence was shown by the piles of metal bars on the inner side of each opening—the side toward the mountain—so arranged that in a moment they could be slipped into sockets in the stone-work, thus closing effectually the way.

Perceiving that we regarded with surprise this curious system of fortification, Tizoc explained: "These are the barriers set up against the Tlahuicos who, heeding not the order given of old by our lord Chaltzantzin, have striven many times to break forth from the valley—for among these men there are many of perverse natures and evil minds."

In *tlahuico* I recognized a Nahua word that means "men turned toward the earth"; but what its meaning might be in the sense in which Tizoc employed it I did not know. I should have asked for further explanation—for the manner of this man was so frank and so friendly that it invited a cordial familiarity—but as I was about to speak we passed through the narrow opening in a wall of unusual height and strength, and so came into a charming garden, in the midst of which stood a large house well built of stone. For the making of this garden a natural nook on the side of the mountain had been enlarged by filling in along its outer edge against a great retaining-wall, built up from a depth of a hundred feet from the slope below; and on the further side of the plateau thus created, where the path down into the valley went on again, were heavy defensive walls. Near this exit, also, was a long low building that I took to be a guard-house.

The crowd that had followed behind us from the height above went on across the plateau and out through the gate beside the guard-house—its members casting many curious looks at us as they departed—and the guardsmen who had formed our escort, at an order from Tizoc, went on to their quarters. But Tizoc led us across the garden to the large house that stood in the midst of it and there, with a formal courtesy, bade us enter. This was his home, he said, and we were his welcome guests.

The house was so like the houses ordinarily found in Mexico that we had no feeling of strangeness in entering it. It was built of stone neatly laid in cement; was but a single story in height, and enclosed a large central court in the midst of which a fountain sparkled surrounded by small trees and shrubs and beds of flowers. All of the rooms opened upon this central court, and in the outer wall the only opening was the narrow way by which we had entered—for the prompt closing of which there lay in readiness a pile of metal bars. The flat roof, also of stone, was reached by a stone stairway from the court, and had about it a heavy stone parapet that was pierced with narrow slits through which javelins and arrows could be discharged. But these arrangements for defence did not by any means produce a gloomy effect, as they would had we encountered them in a country house in our own part of the world; for similar defensive arrangements are found in every *hacienda* in Mexico at the present day, and even I, though my stay in the country had been so short, already had become accustomed to them.

A buzzing chatter of talk, in which women's voices predominated, ceased suddenly as we entered the court; and from the swaying and twitching of the curtains hanging in the front of the openings leading into several of the rooms we inferred that we were undergoing a keen inspection. In response to a call from Tizoc, some men-servants came out from one of the rooms and received his order to prepare food for us; and he then led us to a large room in a corner of the court that was arranged very delightfully as a bath. Here was a great stone tank, twenty feet or so square and with a slanting bottom, so that the depth of it ranged from two feet to nearly five, in which was fresh running water; and over the portion of the room that the tank occupied there was no roof but the bright blue sky. On the stone floor were beautifully woven mats, and towels of cotton cloth hung upon pegs driven into the walls, and in earthen bowls were fresh pieces of a saponaceous root that I have seen the like of in use among the Indians of New Mexico. It seemed to strike Tizoc as odd that we preferred to make use of the bath successively rather than all together; but he was too polite a man to interpose any objections to our eccentricities. Pablo only—coming last of all of us—had a companion in his bathing, in the person of El Sabio; and the sleekness of that excellent animal when Pablo had brushed carefully his long coat when his bath was ended was a wonder to behold.

Being thus refreshed, we heartily welcomed the excellent meal that was served to us in the cool shade of the veranda by which the court-yard was surrounded. Our eating was somewhat in the Roman fashion; for the table was a broad slab of stone, raised but a little from the ground, and around it we reclined upon mats with cushions woven of rushes to lean upon. The food was excellent—a small animal of the deer species, but no larger than a hare, roasted whole; birds, very like quails, delicately broiled; little cakes made of maize, which were rather like the hoe-cakes of our Southern negroes than *tortillas;* some sort of sweet marmalade; and a great abundance of oranges, mangoes, bananas, and other fruits common to the hot lands of Mexico—all of which fruits were much more delicate in flavor than Mexican fruits usually are, the result, as we found later, of the great care bestowed upon their culture. Only water was served with the meal, but at the end of it a small jar of some sort of pretent liquor was brought, very cool and with an excellent spicy taste, that Tizoc warned us must be taken but sparingly; and, truly, he was right, as I found from the warm and mellow feeling of benevolent friendliness that but half a cup of it infused into me. Tizoc himself did not follow very rigidly the advice that he had given us, and to this fact probably was due the exceeding frankness with which he subsequently spoke with us concerning grave matters of which he surely would have been reticent had he been in a less genial mood.

"Just ask the Colonel if he minds my smoking a pipe, won't you, Professor?" Young said when our meal was ended; and as I myself wanted to smoke, and as I was sure that Rayburn did also, I made the request general. Tizoc, to my surprise, for I believed smoking to be common to all the indigenous races, evidently did not at all understand my meaning; but perceiving that I asked to have some favor granted, he courteously gave the permission that I desired. As we filled our pipes he watched us curiously; but when we drew out our matches and struck fire by what seemed to him but the turn of our hands, he started to his feet and manifested a strange excitement in which there seemed to be less of alarm than of awe. His voice shook and his whole person trembled as he asked: "Are ye the children of Chac-Mool, the God of Fire, and therefore the chosen servants of Huitzilopochtli the terrible, that ye thus can do what among us is done only by our Priest Captain, Itzacoatl."

Both Fray Antonio and I heard with delight this utterance; that in a moment settled the long-disputed question as to whether or not Chac-Mool was an idol, and settled it, also, in favor of the ingenious hypothesis presented by the learned Señor Chavero. The moment was not a favorable one, however, for pursuing the matter in its archæological bearings, for all of our tact and skill just then were required to restore Tizoc to calmness. As well as this was possible in the language common to us—and we suddenly realized how difficult it was to express in the Nahua tongue more than rudimentary concepts of the ideas that we sought to convey—we explained to him how matches were made; and illustrated our words by showing him how fire was induced by friction, even as the rubbing of two pieces of wood together produced fire also. This explanation was less exact than ingenious; but it was one that he could understand, and it had the effect of allaying his alarm sufficiently to permit him to resume his seat—when he at once drank off a whole bowlful of the strong, spicy liquor at a draught. Added to what he already had inside of him, this draught set his tongue to wagging in the free way that I have already referred to; and he grew bold enough to take a match in his hand. But even in his cups he manifested a certain reverence in his handling of it; and presently, from a little bag that was hung about his neck, he produced the burnt remnant of a match that he compared with it critically. "They are the same?" he asked, as he extended the whole match and the fragment together toward us that we might examine them.

"They are the same," Fray Antonio answered. "Whence comes the one that you guard so carefully?"

"From the Priest Captain; from Itzacoatl. With such things does he miraculously set burning the fire of sacrifice; but he does not speak of them lightly, as you do; he tells us that they are the handiwork of the Fire God, Chac-Mool; and when the fire of sacrifice is kindled he gives what remains of them as high rewards to those who have served well the state by brave acts or honorable deeds. This which I cherish was my reward for crushing a revolt among the Tlahuicos."

Fray Antonio and I exchanged curious glances, for the conviction was forced upon us both that the Priest Captain of whom Tizoc spoke must either have invented friction matches, or that he must have some secret channel of communication with the outside world. In either case it was evident that he must be a man of unusual shrewdness; and it also was evident that his feeling toward us—since we also could perform a miracle that he obviously made use of as a means of manifesting his divine right to rule—must be that of strong hostility.

To Rayburn and Young, who had observed wonderingly Tizoc's extraordinary conduct, I rapidly translated what he had said; and explained how serious our situation appeared in the light of this new development.

"Well, it certainly *is* cold weather for this Priest Captain fellow," Young commented, "if we've got hold of his boss miracle; and I guess you're about right, Professor—he'll want to take it out of our hides. Just poke up the Colonel to telling all he knows about this old dodger. The Colonel's got his tongue pretty well greased just now with his own prime old Bourbon—pass me that jar, Rayburn, I don't mind if I have another whack at it myself—and we may get something out of him that will be useful. Try it on, Professor, anyway. Here's luck, gentlemen."

That Young's tongue also was a little greased, as he put it, by this very agreeable beverage was quite evident; but his wits were sharpened rather than dulled by the drink, and his present suggestion evidently was a very good one. As for Tizoc, his disposition toward us obviously was most soft and friendly; and as his mind slowly absorbed the fact that, somehow or another, the Priest Captain had made a fool of him with a miracle that was not really a miracle at all, his choler rose in a manner most favorable to our purposes. Yet this very feeling of resentful anger—showing a growing irreverence of one to whom all the traditions of his people gave reverence second only to that due to the gods themselves—was startling evidence of the menace that our presence was to the theocratic ruler's temporal and spiritual power. Therefore it was with a keen curiosity that we listened—and Tizoc needed, to induce him to talk freely, but little of the poking-up that Young had suggested—to what was told us concerning the strange people among whom we had come by ways so perilous; and of their chieftain, the Priest Captain Itzacoatl—with whom, as no spirit of prophecy was needed to tell us, we were destined soon to engage in a conflict that must be fought out to the very death.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MONARCHS OF DOGDOM.

THE annual exhibitions of dogs at New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, and other American cities have gained world-wide repute, and the fourteenth annual event at New York, given under the auspices of the Westminster Kennel Club, and held this year at the American Institute during the present week, was a great success.

It seems that in dogdom the grand and majestic takes precedence, and hence the *English mastiff* comes first on the list. This dog is renowned for his sagacity, and united as this is with a noble carriage and demeanor, and a natural inclination to guard his owner's person and property or the young and helpless, he has gained universal favor, and these characteristics justly entitled him to the place of honor. The points of merit in this breed are the immense power and muscle combined with the short blunt foreface.

For grandeur, beauty of expression, lovely color, and all that go to make up a magnificent and charming canine companion, recommend me to the *St. Bernard.* For utility he may be surpassed by nearly all the larger breeds of dogs; but where the ornamental is desired, this variety is peer. When Bernard de Menthon built the two hospitia on the Alps from the ruins of the temples of Jupiter, the dogs he then had were vastly inferior in appearance to the St. Bernards of to-day; but that was nearly a thousand years ago, and during that time the monks who succeeded him have given great attention to their companions in their noble work of rescuing travellers in those snowy regions, and guiding over the trackless wastes both their benevolent masters and the unfortunate travellers who might have lost their way or got overtaken by a snow-storm. The influences of environment and association have had a great and very beneficial effect upon the dogs' appearance, and from the fact of the rescues in recent years it is evident that their wonderful powers of scent have not diminished. There are two kinds, the rough and the smooth coated, but the points of merit are identical. It is chiefly desirable to obtain a specimen of immense proportions in union with correct type. The favorite colors are orange or orange tawny, with white front legs, breast, tip to tail, and blaze down the face, meeting the white collar on the shoulders. Dark shadings on the face are supposed to add greatly to the beauty of expression. Considering that Emmett, the actor, gave $5000 for Plinlimmon, and several other dogs of this breed have been imported at sums ranging well into the thousands, and that over $8000 has been refused for another English dog of this kind, it is evident that this breed is very highly esteemed.

The *German Mastiff or Great Dane* is a dog with many names. In America the newly formed club at Chicago has adopted the former; in England he is known as the great Dane, or boar-hound, whilst in Germany he is called boar-hund, Ulmer dogge, Deutsche dogge, or Daniske dogge. Hitherto he has not been well known in America; and until Germany's great Chancellor lost his favorite "Reichshund" many did not know of the existence of a dog indigenous to that country. Credit is undoubtedly due to the Germans for the preservation of these dogs during long years of neglect in other countries, but dogs of their conformation were common to the north of Europe, and especial care was taken to increase their agility and usefulness in the Danish provinces, which resulted in these dogs being called by several names, including that of the great Danes and boar-hound, and in there being distinct types. There is every reason to believe that they were all descended from the "dogs of war" used by the ancients; and it will be remembered that at the siege of Corinth fifty of these terrible dogs were stationed at an important outpost, and on the enemy landing they immediately attacked them, fighting till but one remained alive, and he, named Soter, fled and woke the drunken garrison, and thus saved the city. The ancient Grecian fortresses were all guarded by dogs, and there are many instances of their being used in battle in the ranks with the warriors. A bronze figure found at Herculaneum, and now in the museum at Naples, represents one of these dogs wearing mail. As civilization deprived them of their vocation in the south of Europe, they were driven north, and there utilized for clearing the forests of the wild-boar, and eventually they were used as watch-dogs and guards. Generally speaking, they have kept pace with civilization; and from the terrible dogs of war have been produced the companion of the child and the trusty watch-dog.

Attached to the different European armies are now corps of trained dogs, which will in the future be used to carry despatches and ammunition, as well as being utilized for outpost work. As a protection to the camp, these powerful German dogs are found to be particularly suitable.

The *English Blood-hound* has been talked of considerably of late, and many, viewing the dog from the *Uncle Tom's Cabin* stand-point, consider that he has an insatiable thirst for blood, and that were he used for tracking a fugitive he would proceed to tear him to pieces, and satisfy his thirst or hunger by devouring him; whereas were he put on the track of any one, on reaching him he would merely do as any other good-natured dog would, and exhibit every sign of pleasure. When it was customary for the Scottish gallants to visit the abodes of the north of England gentry, and lift a whole drove of cattle at a swoop, the splendid noses of the sleuth-hounds were called into requisition; and the mode of hunting them in those times is aptly and quaintly described by Dr. Cains: "These houndes, when they are to follow such fellowes as we have before rehearsed, use not that liberty to revenge at will, but being restrained and drawne backe from running at random, by the leasse, the ende whereof, the owner holding in his hand, is led, guyded, and directed with such swiftenesse and slownesse as he himself in haste would wish, for the more easie apprehension of these venturous varlots." It is very questionable with those hounds which have been bred for generations without the use or development of their natural faculties, whether their sense of smell has not been lost to a large extent, yet it is maintained by their breeders and those interested that these qualities are merely dormant, and can be brought into play at any time; but those who have seen the blood-hound trials in England, and also witnessed the unerring scent of somewhat similar dogs which were introduced by the old Spanish cavaliers into South America, will agree that just as it is necessary to secure sporting dogs from strains noted for their good field qualities, so it is with the blood-hound; and although their faculties may be only dormant, it will require successive generations of properly trained hounds to insure a complete awakening; and it is very doubtful whether humanitarian sentiment will not prevent this grandest of the hound tribe from being anything more than a relic of the past.

The *British Bull-dog* conveys a somewhat different feeling, but even here there is a touch of the vicious; and yet, generally speaking, the bull-dog is as harmless as any lady's pet, and there are many terriers that would give him a hard fight. He is certainly a very repulsive-looking animal. If set on, it is a difficult matter to calm him; and once he takes hold, the formation of his jaw is such that there has to be almost an unlocking of the jaw in order to make him leave hold. In olden days he was used for baiting the bull, and his inherent disposition to go for and hang on to the most vulnerable part, the bull's nose, made him unsurpassed for this purpose; but since the law forbids such practices, he has been used for the improvement of other more useful strains of dogs.

It is astonishing that whilst Americans are giving such attention and investing so much capital in foreign dogs, they have allowed the only native dog of real excellence, the *Newfoundland*, to be neglected. He is perhaps more useful than ornamental, and yet he combines the grand form, intelligent expression, and massive proportions of the St. Bernard, with the noble devotion and power of the mastiff, and his almost amphibious nature gives him a superiority with which none can vie, making him the dog *par excellence* for our sea-coast and lake districts. This refers to the highest types of the breed and not to the curs of uncertain origin, which are called by the name of Newfoundlands. On some parts of the English coast the fishermen keep these dogs for the purpose of landing their spoil, and without them it would sometimes be impossible for the boats to get ashore. On nearing the shore a log of wood is thrown overboard with a rope attached to it, and this is fetched by the dog from the beach, and the boats are drawn in with it. For watch purposes the Newfoundland is excellent, and many are the accounts which could be given of his fidelity.

Canine Dudes.—Following the example of Paris and London, American belles are now adopting the *dernier cri*, or latest fashion, in regard to their canine pets, and the French poodle now seems to be the favorite. The little black and tan had his day, and has been consigned to oblivion. With the fall of the black and tan came the elevation of the pug—"so cute, you know"—all the way from China. But soon the expression on their short faces and the elegant curl of their tails became quite common, and the little sensitive pug, but lately the pet of their fair owners, was now considered quite too common for the parlor, and John, the coachman, could very well find a snug corner in the coach-house for him, for, "you know, Miss So-and-so has a French poodle, which she brought from Paris, and there it is the correct thing. Besides, they are too cunning for anything, and you can get them in black or white, trimmed in the latest style, with bracelets, tufts, and mustaches, so elegant, you know." So a real French poodle supersedes the pug, and thus are the sensitive little pets made tools of fashion. As yet, though, extremes have not been touched, and the sublime heights of the Parisian belle have not been reached. In France the ladies on visiting the sea-side or springs take their pets with them, arrayed in a dandy little travelling robe, consisting of a covering like a diminutive horse-cloth, with a pelisse bordered with colored ribbons. On their arrival at the summer resorts this is substituted by a light-colored mantle or jersey, with pockets in it for holding lumps of sugar, and a handkerchief wherewith canine snouts and eyes are wiped. The more advanced also bedeck their pets with collars and bracelets, so that they assume quite a dudish appearance, and look down with contempt upon the less-favored of their species, just as their fair owners adopt a more distinguished style. The latest fad in collars is a strip of reddish brown leather, with gold knobs, and garnished with little bells, bearing on one side of them the effigy of "Jean qui pleure," and on the other that of "Jean qui rit." The bracelets are of varied patterns, and are made to please the most developed tastes, nothing being overlooked in the endeavor to pamper the fancies and whims of the fair owners.

The education of their pets has not been neglected either, and besides shutting the door, begging, carrying, and fetching, some are quite advanced, and may be considered quite finished in every way. These dogs are naturally remarkably intelligent, and, as in the case of Lady De Clifford's black corded poodle, the coat is one mass of curls. Formerly these dogs were used for duck-shooting, and their wonderful skill in acting as decoys was simply marvellous. At times they would remain for a long while almost motionless in the water, with their black noses just above the water, and the long cords spread around like sea-weeds; with great caution they steadily push the game on to the point where their masters lie hidden, gun in hand. When well within range, a signal is given, and then they half raise themselves out of the water, when the frightened birds take wing, many of them to quickly fall again, to be caught and landed by the faithful and well-trained dogs. Their almost human intelligence and pluck has caused their use in the smuggling of lace over the frontier from France into Belgium or Spain; and numbers of them are now trained for the purpose of conveying despatches in war-times. The fashion of clipping must be very old, for books printed in 1555 represent them trimmed; and there are sculpture bass-reliefs presenting them thus as early as the reign of Augustus. It is not an instance of wrong breeding when a coat with curls like the negro's head is found in place of the long ringlets, there being two kinds.

The *Schipperke.*—Not long since a desperate attempt was made to introduce a dog resembling the Pomeranian, with the singular name of Schipperke, and many found their way to America; but in this instance England was found to be a better market, and the dollars were not forthcoming for a Belgium "ratting terrier" specially constituted for out-of-door life, and until then the companion of the boatmen and lower classes in his native country. It was shrewdly considered that he had but few recommendations as a lapdog; and his name and tailless condition were not thought to be such an overpowering charm to Americans.

The *Italian greyhound* has always had some votaries, his chief attractions being symmetry and grace.

The beautiful *Yorkshire terrier* is also an old favorite, his smartness and size, combined with a beautiful coat of great length and lovely tints, will ever gain for him a warm shelter and the care of all admirers of the charming and beautiful; and were it possible to insure the combination in this climate for any length of time, they would be invaluable.

The *Fox-terrier's* vocation was that of dislodging Reynard from places inaccessible to the fox hounds; but as it would now be impossible for him to keep pace with the hard and fast riders who follow the hounds to-day, or live with the hounds they use, he has to a great extent been deprived of his vocation; but being of general utility and companionable, he has continued to find admirers, and of late he has become quite a favorite with those of the fair sex who are admirers of pluck and grit, and who are not very partial to the dudish in dogdom. Although his readiness for a scrap with any of his kind, without much regard for strength and size, would seem to be objectionable in a lady's companion, still the fox terrier is undoubtedly a favorite with the ladies of to-day, and particularly in America.

Small Brussels Griffons.—The Queen of the Belgians has taken great interest in these dogs, and has done much to make them a favorite not only in their native country, but abroad. She took a large party of royal and distinguished visitors to a show recently held at Brussels, and surpassed even the judges in her knowledge of the excellence of the various exhibits. As yet the Brussels griffon has not received a very hearty reception abroad.

Toy spaniels being so admirably adapted for ladies' pets, and combining, as they do, all the beauties of coat and tint of the Yorkshires, with good size and quite an aristocratic bearing, it is more than probable that, as in England, they will outlive the fancies of fashion. In the time of Charles I. and II. the King Charlies were the favorite at court; and it is very interesting in more ways than one to know the skill of Charles II. in getting up an advertisement for a lost dog. It was inserted in the *Mercurius Publicus* of 1660, and ran as follows: "We must call upon you again" (a previous advertisement had appeared) "for a black dog, between a Greyhound and a Spaniel, no white about him, onely a streak on his Brest, and his Tayl a little bobbed. It is his Majesties own Dog, and doubtless was stoln, for the Dog was not born nor bred in England, and would never forsake his Master. Whosoever findes him may acquaint any at Whitehal, for the dog was better known at Court than those who stole him. Will they never leave robbing his Majesty? Must he not keep a Dog? This dog's place (though better than some imagine) is the only place which nobody offers to beg." The King Charles spaniel should be black and tan in color, without even a streak of white, and should be about seven pounds in weight.

The *Blenheims* are similar in shape and size, but are lemon or orange and white in color. They derived the name from the seat of the Duke of Marlborough—Blenheim Palace—and were almost as popular as the King Charlies, sometimes called Prince Charlies. The present duke's consort has taken a great interest in these little pets. She won the first and a special prize quite recently at one of the English exhibitions with some very charming specimens. The dog found concealed in the garments of Mary Queen of Scots after her execution was of this variety, and Queen Elizabeth and other royal and noble ladies have favored this breed.

The *ruby spaniel* is similar, but in color being a golden red, from which the name is derived.

The *Japanese spaniel* is also very similar, and generally a dark liver or black and white in color; the chief differences is a smaller and less pendulous ear, and a peculiar expression, which can be better seen than explained. These dogs are very rare and hard to raise, and consequently many that are not true bred are passed off as "Japs." In their native country they are carried in the ladies' sleeves, and hence are very small, generally weighing not more than four to six pounds.

In Mr. Simon's sketch on the front page of this number of the WEEKLY is given a fine young St. Bernard just in that happy period which the lady judge, Miss Whitney, so aptly termed "neither hay nor grass." He had never been to a show before, so after the visitors had gone home and all was quiet, or rather there was a little less noise than usual, he got loose, and determined to make the acquaintance of some of the dogs he had heard so much of. His nearest neighbors were the larger breeds, and they had little to say for themselves, and his presence was only hailed by a look of dignity. Next came the hunting dogs, that would scarcely notice a purely ornamental sprig of dogdom of any dimensions. So on he went to the dudes, only to be greeted with a look of unutterable contempt from the dandy poodles. But the pugs were more cordial. They twisted their tails into the orthodox curl, and carried their ears just as their fair owners would like to see them in the ring when the prizes were being awarded. Next he visited the toy spaniels, who would not deign to rise from their comfortable beds to give him a welcome. So on he went to the terriers. Oh, what music greeted him here! These were the dogs that had so much to say for themselves, and now their expressions were being made in very positive terms. Although neither of them was much more than a mouthful for the monster they snarled and barked at, yet each seemed to say that were he at liberty the intruder's inquisitiveness would be finished with one snap of his little jaw. Not being disposed to cultivate their acquaintance, he leisurely strolled on to the bull-dogs. Without rising, these repulsive-looking fellows opened one eye, and seemed to critically estimate the youngster's powers for harm, and then settled down again to calm repose. None seemed to be desirable companions, and he was just making for his place again when he was greeted with a peal from some dogs with savage expressions and pricked ears, with a sign over them marked "bull terriers." This was enough. Man had outdone nature, and combined the fiery combative nature of the terrier with the tenacity of the bull-dog, and then clipped the ears to heighten and intensify the expression. So, putting on an air of dignity, he calmly passed them by, and seemed contented to be a big, innocent, docile, ornamental St. Bernard, and thanked goodness he was not as other dogs were. **E. H. M.**

HOW UNCLE SAM MAKES HIS PAPER-MONEY.

(*Continued from page 116, Supplement.*)

tint, which in this case was printed in blue ink. Other colors, like green on disbursing checks, and yellow on requests for transportation for the Quartermaster's Department, are also used. In case of beer stamps, the color of the tint indicates their denomination.

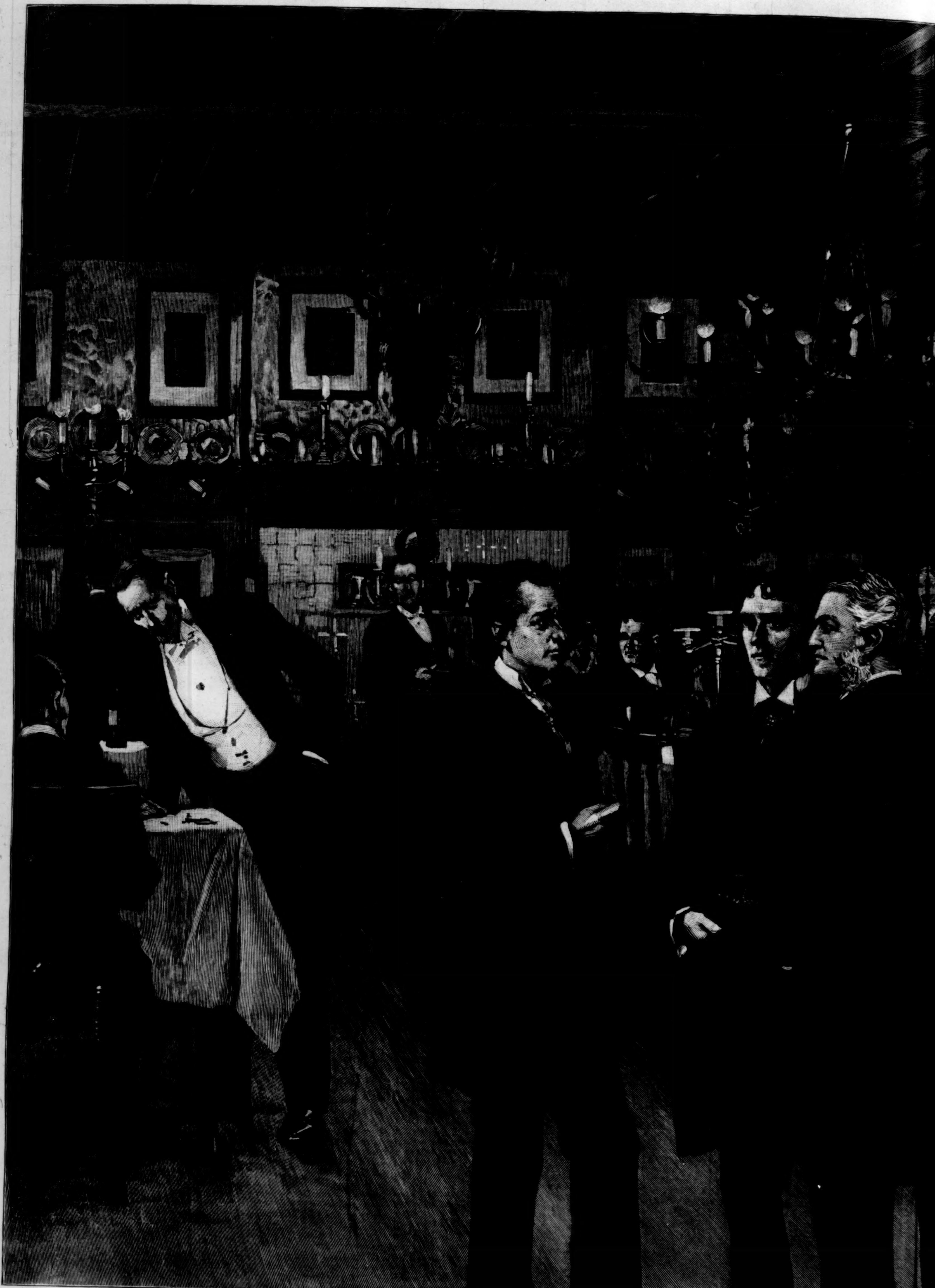
The other processes carried on in the bureau are in no way connected with the protection of securities against the skill and rascality of the counterfeiter; their object is simply the convenience of the public. In order that the strip stamps on cigars and cigarettes, for example, may be the more easily detached, the sheets are perforated; revenue stamps of larger denominations, as well as checks, drafts, and warrants, are made more portable by being bound into books. Certain kinds of work, like pension checks, are both perforated and bound, while other kinds, like cigarette stamps and fee stamps for the New York Custom-house, are gummed. All these processes belong to the binding and perforating division, which also trims and separates such work as requires it, and all, except the binding, are facilitated by the use of machinery.

The protection of securities against loss or theft is constantly present in the minds of the officers of the bureau. They omit no count and no lock to insure perfect safety, and so successful have they been that during the administration of Mr. Graves not the smallest loss occurred. In the printing division, therefore, vaults form, as in the engraving division, an indispensable adjunct. Every incomplete sheet, like every incomplete die or plate, is placed in them at night. Checks and stamps of small value are deposited in the locker-like safes along the sides of the hall on the second floor, and in the basement near the binding and perforating division. The more valuable work, like notes and bonds, is deposited in the large vault near the examining division.

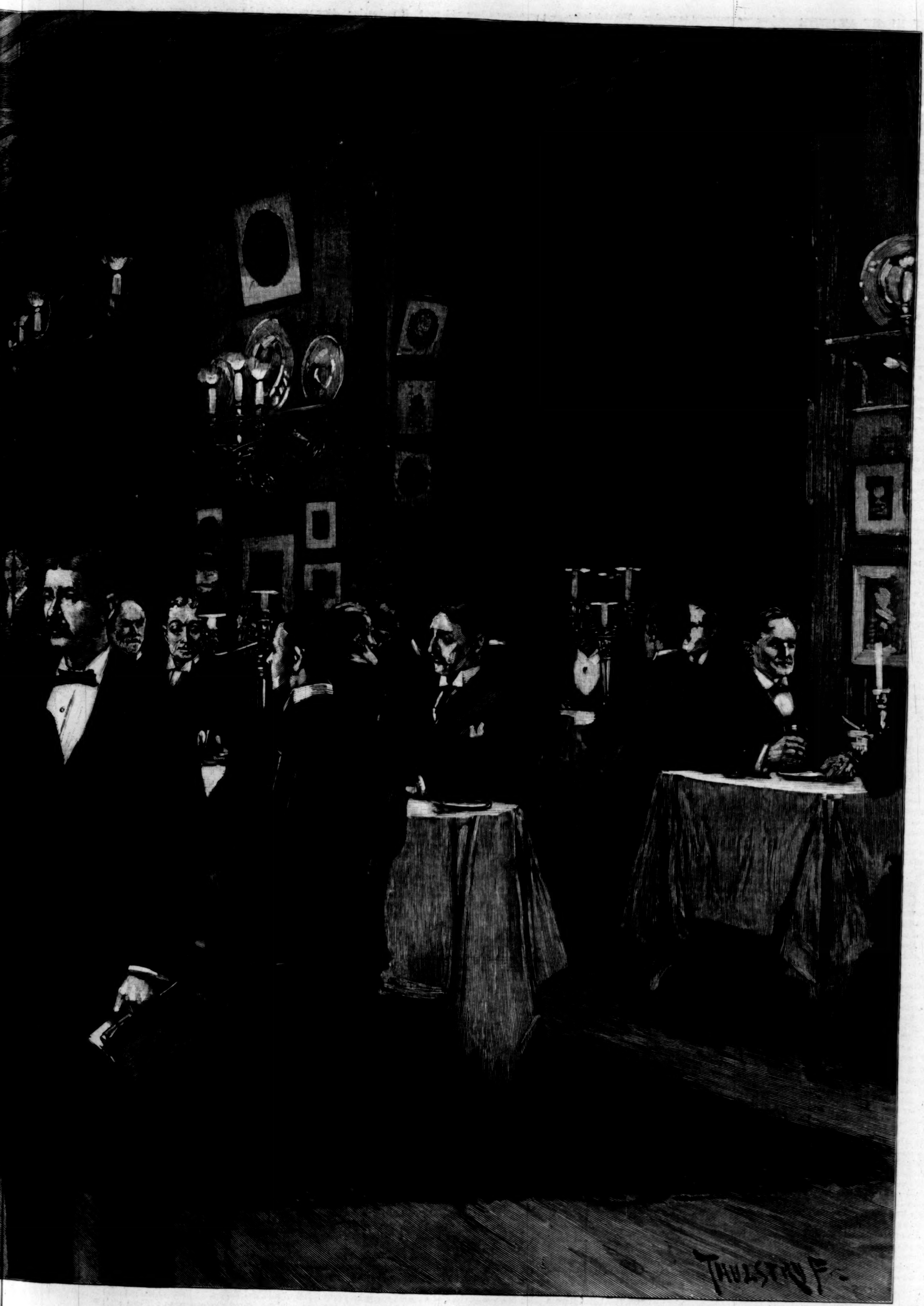
As I have already said, all completed work goes to the vault division for delivery to the Treasury. Had the bureau been built in accordance with Mr. Clark's plan, the transportation of securities to the Treasury would not have been the stately and interesting affair that it now is. Many visitors going to the bureau have doubtless observed rolling out of the yard, behind a spanking team of horses, a large covered wagon resembling a moving van, and wondered what it could possibly be. Inquiry always brings out the fact that it is "the security wagon"; that it carries the printed securities from the bureau to the Treasury; that it is plated with iron to make it fire-proof; that it is surmounted by a guard to protect it against the assaults of any highwaymen that may be bold enough to attack it on the streets of Washington. In it also is carried to the bureau the blank paper stored in the sub-basement of the Treasury. In it, too, is brought back to the bureau the worn and mutilated currency that has been returned for redemption; for all the notes printed in the bureau that are not lost in circulation come back in from two to four years to be destroyed under official supervision.

Ignoble as the last end of these pieces of paper is, visitors to the bureau are always eager to see it. Like them, I was unable to resist the temptation to witness the solemn ceremony. In company with ten or fifteen ladies and gentlemen, I went one morning about half past eleven o'clock to a room in the rear of the laundry. The Destruction Committee of the Treasury, with their old and decrepit treasures, had not yet arrived. We had therefore twenty minutes or more to look about. Through two large round holes in the floor we saw two great cylinders of the size of locomotive boilers, called macerators. Into these cylinders the worn-out notes, imperfectly printed securities, etc., are poured, by means of funnels inserted in the holes through which we were looking. After they are mixed with lime and soda-ash, caps are placed over the ventricles, and fastened with a separate lock and key by each of the three members of the Destruction Committee, the steam is turned on, and the cylinders set in motion. When the notes are thoroughly macerated, the mixture is drawn off into a stone trench under the cylinders, pumped up to a paper machine on the floor where we were, and manufactured into thick sheets of paper, which are made up in packages, and sold to paper-makers. Some of the pulp of notes is cast into images and other forms, and sold in the fancy stores in Washington to the relic hunter. The fabulous figures marked on them to indicate the face value of the notes in them seldom fail to stimulate his imagination and inflame his desire for possession.

In the mean time several boxes, securely fastened, have arrived; later followed the Destruction Committee. A large funnel is inserted in one of the holes in the floor, and on a table drawn near it are emptied the contents of the boxes. The spectators crowd around, and watch every movement of the committee. With rude and inconsiderate haste the members cut the packages of notes, and push them into the mouth of the funnel. When it becomes clogged, one of them seizes a long stick and clears away the obstruction. Finally the last packages are reached, ripped open, and thrown after their fellows. As I turned away with a feeling of melancholy I saw a pretty woman, clinging to the arm of the gentleman at her side, look up into his face, and exclaim, in a low voice, "Oh, Harry, doesn't that seem too bad!" And I could not help thinking that it was the ignoble end of those old and most faithful of friends that millions of men and women struggle for from morning till night, that they fight for, that they die for—that it was the thought of the tales of battle and intrigue, of toil and crime that each might tell if given a voice, that brought the glistening dew to her soft brown eyes.



A SATURDAY NIGHT AT "THE PLAYERS"—


THULSTRUP F.

'—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 126.]

SATURDAY NIGHT AT "THE PLAYERS."

Most clubs have a special day on which they are more "alive" than at other times—a sort of "at home," when every member who has nothing else to do is sure to look in with a certainty of finding a full attendance of brother members and every requisite for a social evening. The Authors' Club sets aside Thursday—every second Thursday—as a special evening; the Grolier is at its best on Tuesday; the Century contents itself with the first Saturday of each month; and the Nineteenth Century, with characteristic disregard of superstition, meets on Friday. Every club, like the proverbial dog, has its day, and what could be more natural (and more Hibernian) than that The Players should choose for their day Saturday night?

"These our players," most of whom have done a double stint of work on the last day of the week, are quite ready for an evening of pleasure, and a little before midnight The Players' Club begins to fill up rapidly. Wandering through the spacious rooms, you will see group after group composed of men whose names have long been household words in the world of art and letters. A. M. Palmer, with his quiet smile, is enjoying the latest managerial jest as retailed by Augustin Daly. Next week it will have filtered out into the world through half a score of sources, but The Players have the first and best of it—they are in at the drawing of the cork. William J. Florence, scenting a good story, joins the group, and very soon the smile broadens into a laugh, for Florence is ready to pay his footing in any company where a merry jest passes current. It would be pleasant to retail some of the "good things" that float so lavishly in the air of this brightest of clubs; many of them would stand the wit-withering ordeal of cold type; but it may not be. Over the broad, open fireplace, in quaint old characters that wink in the flickering light of the glorious log, stands an admonition which no Player may disregard.

> "Good frende for Friendship's sake forbeare
> To vtter what is gossipt here
> In social chat, lest vnawares
> Thy tonge offende thy Fellowe plaiers."

Now, in close converse, enter Stanford White and Henry French. Perhaps some weighty detail concerning the management of the new building in Madison Square is in course of adjustment between them; perhaps they are only talking at large, for all subjects are tolerated here except shop—that is to say, shop of the outside world, for art shop is a staple. But woe to the merchant who talks of the market, and woe to the broker who babbles of "the street." They receive scant mercy; yet will Brander Matthews and Laurence Hutton gossip by the hour on rare and curious bindings—ay, and on the literary treasures those bindings may enclose. They will appeal to Beverly Chew as to an expert, and will draw in T. W. Dewing when it comes to a question of illustration, and none will reprove them. So, in like manner, will William H. Crane lay aside his Senatorial dignity and compare notes with William F. Owen of the irresistible laugh on the proper conception of the character of Sir Toby Belch, and no one will resent their conversation as smacking of the shop. But the broker and the lawyer and the merchant leave business behind them, and bow to the superior advantages of Art—at once the recreation and the livelihood, the business and the pleasure, of her votaries.

And still the rooms continue to fill. It is early yet, not much past midnight, and the groups each moment grow larger and more frequent; the pensive haze of cigar smoke settles down more thickly, obliterating rude angles and blending all the figures into the tone of the picture. It is a picture full of life and motion, as the little knots gather, disperse, and melt into one another with true clubbable fraternity. The Players are out in force to-night. Some are seated or reclining on the broad crimson divans and sofas: surely never before were there collected in one house so many ingeniously comfortable articles of furniture! The dining-room is well patronized, for the *chef* never fails to devise some extra tempting dish to add to the bill of fare for Saturday night. There is a mild popping of champagne corks, not over-frequent, for here you shall learn a curious fact. These Players, whom the outside world esteems as hard livers and harder drinkers, deserve this character, if they deserve it at all, only from the traditions of a by-gone century. The bar bills of the members of The Players are less in the aggregate and average lighter than do the bar bills at any club in New York, avowedly temperance assemblages alone excepted. We are temperate at The Players, but not total abstainers by any means. By-and-by the loving-cup will be passed around, and then may be noticed a graceful and touching custom. Wherever Edwin Booth may be—Edwin Booth, the founder, the benefactor, the father of the club—no matter where he is seated, whether or not he be in a position to observe the compliment and return it, each member, as he lifts the cup to his lips, rises from his seat and pledges Edwin Booth. The toast is universal. John Drew pauses at his supper, and drinks Booth's health. Joseph Jefferson turns from his favorite artist talk, and drinks Booth's health. Stephen Olin and Judge Daly bow to the law wherein they are both so learned, and drink Booth's health. Lawrence Barrett and General Sherman, F. D. Millet and James Lewis, drink Booth's health. It runs all through the club—a gracious tribute to a great artist, who has made possible such evenings as we spend at The Players each Saturday night.

But the loving-cup has gone its rounds and the rooms begin to thin out. A few quiet souls who have spent their evening among the books and periodicals arise and stretch themselves. A running fire of Good-night! Good-night! circulates from one apartment to another. The club is far from closing yet; there are many who will sit over a last cigar till, issuing forth, they surprise the hush of the Sabbath morning on the streets. But the main gathering is beginning to disperse; one by one the majority has already slipped away, and the spirit of silence is settling down on the rooms. Well, it has been a pleasant night, inspiring many a bright thought. Perhaps the brightest is that we may enjoy another such evening a week hence—another opportunity to spend Saturday night at The Players.

Geo. H. Jessop.

A HEART'S DESIRE.

Miss Calista Peebles threw her little drab shawl over her head and ran across her back yard and through a fortunate gap in the picket-fence to her neighbor Mrs. Deacon Mann's back door.

The hands on her little peaked kitchen clock pointed squarely to five, the kettle was singing insistently, and the tea steeping too much—Calista never liked her tea to boil—and grandmarm always knew, as if by instinct, when it was five o'clock, and always felt "a dretful sense of goneness," and a sense of neglect and injury as well, if her tea were not forthcoming.

"But I can't resk havin' a hitch now. Thirty years is long enough to wait! If I couldn't go to-morrow, I couldn't stand it anyhow. If Emerette can't come and stay with grandmarm, I must go down and get Lizy Fernald. 'Tain't any odds if I have to pay her."

As she uttered this last clause, Calista was conscious that she was a desperate woman. But the consciousness brought with it such an elation that she laughed aloud. "I don't expect I ever see the time when I darst to say such a thing before in all my born days," she said to herself.

As she passed the lighted windows of her living-room she stopped and looked in. Grandmarm sat beside the cheerful fire that burned in the old-fashioned Franklin-stove, knitting and talking and nodding. Grandmarm had had a slight shock of palsy, which caused her to nod like the Chinese mandarin in front of a tea store. She was almost as proud of this as of the fact that she was ninety years old; it was, in fact, a more satisfactory distinction, since no one could call it in question, while grandmarm had quarrelled hopelessly with two of her oldest friends because they promulgated skeptical opinions concerning her age. Nancy Pettis, whose son kept the poor-house, a social centre in Hebron, could show by numerous dates, from the burning of 'Siah Griffin's barn to the Millerite preparations for ascension, that grandmarm was but eighty-seven, while old Captain Barna West, who "sat in the store"—a form of recreation that took the place of the operas and dinner parties of a less primitive civilization—could bring forth incontestable proofs, starting somewhat oddly but impressively from the date of the Lisbon earthquake, that she was just eighty-eight. Each time that these heresies were freshly revived, grandmarm was threatened with apoplexy.

Grandmarm was a little woman, and she wore a red flannel skull-cap on her small round-head, which was as bare as a walnut witch's; the neighborhood children all thought that the red skull-cap added to the fascination of her nods. She had a most decorous black lace cap which Calista ran for when the minister called. Grandmarm stoutly refused to don it for any other occasion. She talked constantly, unconcerned whether any one listened, in a high-keyed voice, cracked like an ancient bell. Grandmarm nodded over her knitting, and the black kitten in the rocking-chair opposite her nodded too, drowsing and awakening with jerks; the floor shone with yellow paint and cleanliness in the spaces between gay home-made rugs, and the fire-light danced in cheerful shadows on the wall.

"It's real cozy," said Calista to herself; "but I have been so dretful mortified havin' to take folks right in there, with my work layin' round, conf'runce time and all; and when 'twas the minister, what with grandmarm's cap and all, I never had a chance to pick up a mite, to say nothin' of so much more passin' in the front room. When the doctor said I'd got to give up dress-makin', thinks I, the first thing, now I never *shall* have a parlor; and it give me an awful sinkin' feelin'. Comes hard to give up a thing you've been 'lottin' on so long. It made me ashamed that I hadn't had more trust in Proverdunce, when right away come the news that Aunt Jemimy had left me fifteen hundred dollars; and then Jeremiah Higgins wanted to buy that swamp land for a sight more'n I ever thought 'twas worth; and then, come to find out, the interest of my money in the bank was most double what I'd reckoned it. When the bank clerk stood there a-tellin' me how much it was, it come over me jest like a flash that I'd got my heart's desire at last. 'C'listy Peebles, you can have a parlor,' says I, right out; and the clerk looked at me as if he thought I was possessed."

Calista's soliloquy terminated at Mrs. Deacon Mann's back door, where she asked, in a voice tremulous with excitement, whether Emerette could stay with grandmarm the next day.

"Goin' down to the city? You don't say? I didn't expect you'd go, now you've quit work," said Mrs. Deacon Mann, suggestively.

But Calista did not reveal her great purpose. "I s'pose it wa'n't neighborly not to tell her," she said to herself afterward. "But she would put her shawl right on, and run over to Mis' 'Siah Pingree's; and it seems so kind of near and sacred to me, don't seem as if I could bear to have folks talkin' it over."

"Yes, Emerette can go over," said Mrs. Deacon Mann, when the length of Calista's silence had shown that no explanation was to be hoped for.

"And you won't let her take no children in to see grandmarm bow, will you? It makes her proud, but she gets wore out so easy."

Mrs. Deacon Mann gave the required promise, but with a slight stiffness of manner.

"She don't like it because I don't tell her what I'm goin' for," said Calista. "But there! She'll know."

"It ain't no less than a black silk dress, mark my words!" said Mrs. Mann, five minutes afterward, standing, with her shawl over her head, at Mrs. 'Siah Pingree's back door. "If you'd seen her face, you'd be as sure of it as I am."

After tea, and when the dishes were washed, Calista essayed the task of making grandmarm acquainted with her plans. They had lived together for fifteen years, but Calista had never confided to her any of her ambitious desires. Grandmarm had strong views on the subject of extravagance. Moreover, she had lost her faculty of reticence, and was pitifully garrulous over any news that had a flavor of privacy. Calista was politic. She used the announcement which they had received a week before of the coming of her niece, a great-granddaughter whom grandmarm had never seen, to pave the way.

"Delight a-comin'? Why hadn't you told me?" said grandmarm, as she had said every day for a week. "Well, who's a-comin' to fetch her? Can't walk a'ready, can she? Well, her father was a real forrard child."

"She's twenty, grandmarm. Delight is twenty," said Calista, as patiently as if that were the first time she had said it instead of the fifteenth. "She writes short-hand in a lawyer's office; and bein' she's used to city ways, I thought I would—would kind of furnish up the front room for a parlor before she come."

"A parlor? I don't know what you're a-talkin' about, C'listy. I don't know what you want of a parlor, without you're a-calc'latin' to have a weddin' or a funeral, and I ain't a-goin' to help you out on neither one of 'em. And if I was, I ain't too proud to be buried out of this settin'-room. And I should like to know what you'd do with the ironin'-board and the clo'es-horse, and your quince jell and barberry preserve; and it is comfortin' to me to know that I can go in the dark and put my hand right on the old bellowses."

"They could hang right where they be, grandmarm," said Calista, eagerly. "It's real fashionable to gild 'em and tie a blue ribbon round 'em. The minister's daughter has got a pair that's fixed so."

"Cat's foot!" said grandmarm, with intense scorn. "Them bellowses are mine, and when I want 'em cock-turkeyed that way I'll let you know."

"There's a good many things that I never felt like hangin' up here, where folks come and went so free," said Calista, discreetly leaving the bellows to an uncertain fate. "There's 'Sacred to the Memory of Uncle Pliny,' all worked off in worsted and in a beautiful pop-corn frame, and 'Washington crossin' the Delaware,' and the wreath that was made of little Pliny's hair, and the coffin plates, that would look real handsome on a parlor mantel-piece instead of hid away in a drawer, doin' no credit to anybody."

"You was always fond of show, C'listy. You got it from the Bolton side, 'long of your crooked nose. Your aunt, C'listy Bolton, that you was named for, wouldn't eat a mite of rye or Injin, and used her best chiny every day. I shouldn't be surprised if you was a-thinkin' of stuffed furniture."

"Hair-cloth is real durable," said Calista. She stifled a little sigh. Her aspirations had soared toward plush, but she had clipped their wings, having a realizing sense of the danger of being carried away by worldly vanities. Hair-cloth, with its durability and its uninviting aspect, had something of a religious character to Calista's mind. Thrift was almost one with godliness in the faith in which she had been reared. She would have been ready to admit that plush and lax religious views would be apt to go together.

"If you was a girl, and somebody was keepin' company with you, I should know what you wanted a parlor for," said grandmarm, ignoring the durability of hair-cloth.

Calista's worn cheeks flushed. Nobody had ever kept company with her. She had always been so poor that she had had no time to be light-hearted. And there was her crooked nose. She had had her small romance, but it had never gone beyond her own bosom. She had sat in the singing seats with Eben Maxon, and there had been maidenly flutterings under her pink muslin waist as her somewhat thin treble mingled with his manly bass in "Federal Street" and "Balerma." But Jane Pritchard, down in her father's pew, with no flutterings whatever, had cast coquettish glances at him from a pair of witching brown eyes, and before Calista's pink muslin was worn out Jane and Eben were married. Calista had made Jane's wedding dress; she was a dress-maker then, but her hands were not hard and knobby, nor one of her forefingers like a nutmeg grater, as it was now. She had been feverishly anxious lest people should speak of her as having had a disappointment. She smiled and smiled at Eben, and talked airy nothings to him in a manner so unlike her own that Eben wondered carelessly what had come over her. She went to the wedding also, and bore herself bravely, lest people should talk if she staid away, while in fact no one had ever guessed at her poor little shadow of a love affair. She had fancied that Eben was secretly responsive; such feeling as hers could not be wholly wasted; life would be too cruel. Her fancy furnished innumerable hinderances to the telling of his love. The one that lingered longest in her mind, even after her romance had been driven away by the harsh reality of daily cares, to remain only like a soft vapor on the horizon of her life, was the lack of a parlor, where he might "keep company" with her alone, as was the fashion in Hebron. The sitting-room had always been full in those days—full of those who had long ago drifted to homes of their own, or whose names were on the coffin plates with which Calista wished to ornament the mantel-piece, a tender piety mingling, in the odd inconsistency of human nature, with her love of display. It was such a great while that she had wanted a parlor! Calista set her lips firmly together as she thought of it. She had "given way" to all those who were gone; had worked for them, and sacrificed herself altogether for them, almost without their knowing it. They had been selfishly absorbed in their own lives; it had never occurred to them that she might want anything. Now it was grandmarm whose wish was her law. Calista, as she closed her mouth firmly, resolved that in this matter of her long-dreamed-of parlor she would not give way to grandmarm.

Grandmarm saw the expression of her face, recognized it as a Peebles look, and resorted to her strongest weapon—the pitiful tears of old age.

"If you're allottin' on layin' me away, C'listy, I shouldn't think you'd be quite so chipper about it. You're some like Mandany Tripp, that made her husband's grave-clothes right in the room with him, before ever he took to his bed."

"You've always complained that we couldn't see passin' in this room, grandmarm. I thought it would be real cheerful for you to set in the front window," said Calista.

"Set in the parlor every day! Well, C'listy, I don't know what you be a-comin' to. I expect I might as well go right over to the poor-house. Nancy Pettis will be tryin', but she can't be no more so than some other folks."

Calista patiently rehearsed the story of her recent good fortune, which grandmarm had heard at least a dozen times, but she still held to her resolve not to give way to grandmarm. Her courage mounted with the occasion, so that she went to sleep that night, with the door open between grandmarm's bedroom and her own, while grandmarm was still talking, in a high-keyed, excited voice, about the downward career of Lot Pettigrew's extravagant wife, who finished by driving her husband to suicide by means of—thrilling coincidence!—a set of stuffed furniture.

But grandmarm had forgotten all about the proposed parlor in the morning, which was very comfortable if one could forget that the scene, with all her tears and objections, would have to be repeated. She had happened to think of Lucetty Spencer and the time when she and Lucetty went on a sleigh-ride with Job Skilton, and the drifts were so high that Job had driven them right over old Mis' Sackett's one-story house, and old Mis' Sackett had thought it was the day of judgment. That had happened when she (grandmarm) and Lucetty were just sixteen. Didn't Calista remember it?

Grandmarm laughed softly at this recollection all breakfast-time, and afterward her good-nature was increased by the arrival of Emerette Mann, who was fourteen, and always flattered her by fixing a fascinated stare upon her nodding head. She had forgotten that Calista had given up dress-making, and thought that she was going to the city for patterns.

It was a great day for Calista, and a happy one, although her recklessness almost savored to herself of irreligion, especially when she bought furniture of light gray hair-cloth instead of black, because the clerk assured her it was just as durable, and it looked more cheerful. After that she went back and changed the gayly flowered carpet she had bought for a more sombre one. But she said to herself that she *would* have an organ. All the people in Hebron who were "thought anything of" had either organs or pianos in their parlors. Calista had never aspired to a piano. An organ was less expensive, and also less light-minded, than a piano. Delight would be sure to know how to play, and she herself might learn to pick out her favorite tunes—"The Sweet By-and-by" and "The Evergreen Shore." She enjoined strict secrecy upon old Mrs. Tapley when she stopped, on her way home in the stage, to ask her to come and help her make the carpet. When she had her own way for once, she didn't want anybody to offer her advice or make remarks about it. That was why she had engaged old Mrs. Tapley, from the lower village, instead of Mary Ann Coombs, who sewed for every one in her neighborhood.

Grandmarm wept while the carpet was being made, and prophesied that it "hadn't a mite of wear" in it.

It was cold in the parlor, and Calista and old Mrs. Tapley sat on "crickets," with the carpet pulled into their laps, and sewed, with red noses and stiff fingers.

"Puts me in mind of the last carpet I sewed for poor Mis' Squire Maxon," said Mrs. Tapley, in the course of conversation. "'Twas so cold in that big parlor of theirn that I expect that's how she come by the pneumony that killed her. She was terrible dissatisfied with the carpet too; she was cryin' all the time, though she tried not to let me see it. Beat's all what a sight of unhappy feelin's I've see when carpets was put down! It's apt to look different from what it did in the store; and the breadths is cut off, and you can't change it, and there 'tis. That carpet was just exactly what she didn't want, Mis' Maxon said; she never did like a large figger. He made her have it. She didn't say so, but I knew it well enough. He's a real good man, Squire Maxon is, as everybody knows, but folks has got to give in to him. He's one of that kind. I expect she was consid'able high-spirited once, but he'd got her subdued."

"I thought they lived remarkable happy," said Calista, with a little catch in her voice. She had never learned to speak of Eben with ordinary carelessness.

"Well, mebbe they did, as happy as most folks," said Mrs. Tapley. "I expect she got used to bein' sot on. Folks seems to. There ain't skursely a family, fur's my observation goes, where there ain't one that the others has got to curchey to more or less, for the sake of livin' peaceable. I don't know as it's any more apt to be a man than a woman. I declare I don't know but what I've seen more women than men amongst them that thought the world was made for 'em. Beats all what a yoke relationship can be! And yet there ain't but very few that seems to be afraid of matrimony. I've always thought 'twas real fortunate that Mis' Maxon hadn't no children; some of 'em would have been sure to take after their father, and then she'd have had more'n one to curchey to."

Calista heaved a little sigh. She knew what it was to "curchey" to other people's wills. She had been doing it all her life. Over some to whom she had been subservient the grass grew and the rain fell as it would. She could not "think hard" of them. She had seen the others go "out West" to homes of their own with mingled sorrow and relief; they were her own, and Calista had a loyal soul. Now there was grandmarm. Calista clung to her with an affection at which many wondered, knowing grandmarm's "trying" peculiarities; and it had been hard to withstand grandmarm's tearful objections to the parlor; but Calista had not repented as she sewed with stiff fingers on the carpet, which was hard to match.

The carpet was finished and put down the next day, and the new stove, an air-tight with a profusion of nickel trimmings, came, and was set up. When the furniture was unloaded at the door, there was a great neighborhood sensation. The Mayo children, who had the whooping-cough, ran out of doors bareheaded, and Mrs. Isaiah Pitkin pulled up her green paper parlor shades that had not been touched for a year, and Mrs. Deacon Mann put her shawl over her head and went over to Mrs. 'Siah Pingree's. When the gray hair-cloth furniture greeted grandmarm's eyes she took her bed and sent for the minister. Calista's soul was shaken with a sense of guilt, but, nevertheless, she arranged her furniture with resolute hands, and hung up her treasures: the funeral memorials, "Washington crossing the Delaware," a motto "Home, sweet Home," and an "air castle" of beads and worsted, which she had made with great painstaking in her few leisure moments, and when the parlor was but a vague hope. Emerette Mann had told her, with the unfeeling candor of extreme youth, that "air castles" were all out of fashion, and mottoes were going out; but Calista decided that she would not discard her works of art. They were full of sentiment for her, she had treasured them so long, and they were really beautiful, she thought, whatever might be the fashion.

In a few days grandmarm had forgotten that they had not always had a parlor. She blamed Calista querulously for "tryin' to hide her away in the back part of the house, and never bein' willin' that she should set in the parlor winder and see the passin'. She wa'n't so old but what she could feel it when folks was always manœuvrin' to keep her out of the parlor. And she didn't know how Calista reconciled such treatment of the aged with her Christian perfession."

But the new stove would not "draw," and grandmarm took cold. The chimney had to be cleaned, and that involved a long delay, and Calista had the organ moved out into the sitting-room, and also the gray hair-cloth arm-chair, which grandmarm liked.

Delight had written that she had failed to get her expected vacation, and must postpone her visit until spring. When a fire could be built in the stove, it seemed scarcely worth the while. Grandmarm declared, with tears, that Calista had designs upon her life, when she wished her to sit there where she had taken such a cold. On Sunday afternoons Calista built a fire in the nickel-trimmed stove, and sat by the window with her Bible and her Sunday-school paper; but it was not home-like and cheerful like the sitting-room. She was conscious of a feeling of relief when tea-time came. And after the neighborhood curiosity had been satiated, every one *would* come as usual to the back door, and step into the sitting-room as a matter of course.

"The pleasures of the world is deceitful," Calista admitted to herself toward spring. "There 'ain't been skursely a mite of comfort in that parlor. I ain't half so happy as I was workin' hard at dress-makin' and longin' for it. Mebbe it's come too late."

One day in the early spring Squire Maxon alighted from his wagon and came around to Calista's back door. He was a tall man, with a large nose, thin lips, and cold gray eyes, and an important air, which he seemed to make genial by an effort.

"It must be the rest of the swamp land. What can it be?" said Calista, all in a flutter, for, except at a wedding or a funeral, Eben Maxon had never been in her house before.

He sat down in the sitting-room without explaining his errand, and addressed himself to grandmarm. "A pretty hard winter for old folks like you and me, ain't it? Lonesome too, up to my house. But I s'pose we've got to stand it."

Grandmarm fell into reminiscences, in which the squire persisted in setting her right, until they threatened to quarrel. Then he turned to Calista.

"You don't seem to grow old much, C'listy; cheeks jest about as red as they used to be when we sat in the singin' seats. They don't have no such singin' there nowadays."

"If her cheeks is red, it's because she's been a-cookin' over the stove," said grandmarm, with uncompromising candor. "She's forty-four and she looks her age, every day of it. The Boltons were always jest so peaked."

"I heard you was goin' to have company, and I thought I'd ask you to fetch her up to my house. It needs livenin' up."

Squire Maxon arose, and Calista went with him to the door. In her uncertainty as to what grandmarm would say next, it was a relief to have him go. He turned and faced her, with his back against the door.

"Well, what do you think of a match between your family and mine?" he said. "They're good families, now, ain't they? No better in Hebron. And you and I used to be good friends when we were young, if we 'ain't seen much of one another since."

No fire could make Calista's cheeks so red as they were now; her light blue eyes, faded with many nights of stitching, dilated as she gazed at him.

Had it really come at last? Was Eben saying to her what her "hopeless fancy had feigned" so many times? It seemed like something heard in a dream!

"I—I never expected it. I can't say right off sudden like this. I—I'll let you know," she stammered.

"Oh, take your time! I don't s'pose it 'll make much difference what the old fogies say. And it's my opinion that folks have a right to suit themselves about marryin'. There's Dr. Bemis, and I want to see him."

Squire Maxon hurried off, and Calista went, with shaking knees, and dropped down upon the parlor sofa. His words repeated themselves over and over in her mind.

"He meant that I mustn't let grandmarm interfere with me, I expect," she said to herself. "How blunt he come out with it! He never said he thought anything of me, nor nothin'. But then that would be kind of ridicerlous—such old folks. Beats all how different it seems from what I should have thought it would! Seems as if Eben wa'n't Eben, and I wa'n't myself. I expect I wound a gauze round him when I was young, and time has wore it out. If I should have him I b'lieve 'twould be jest like the parlor. And yet I be lonesome, and 'twould be kind of consolin' to set up at the head of his pew, and have folks know that I wa'n't one that couldn't get anybody to have me. Worst of it is he ain't Eben."

Squire Maxon, after an interview with Dr. Bemis concerning some lumber, which drove all thoughts of his recent visit out of his mind, was suddenly reminded, as he drove into his own lane, of Calista's behavior, which had struck him at the time as being very singular.

"By George, if that wa'n't it!" he exclaimed, suddenly, bestowing a vigorous thump upon his knee. "I thought I knew something about the vanity of women-folks, but I never thought that that crooked-nosed little old maid could get it into her head that I wanted to marry her! I thought I was bein' pretty condescendin' in givin' my consent to my nephew's marryin' her niece. Can't be she was givin' herself such airs about that? No; she wouldn't have been so worked up as that about her niece anyhow. She'll let me know! Good land! a pretty fix I've got myself into! If I was a marryin' man that's about the last woman—"

It happened that a surprise awaited Squire Maxon when he entered his house that day. Mrs. Snowden, who had kept house for him during the two years of his widowerhood, announced that she had just heard of the death of her son-in-law, and had received an invitation to make her home with her widowed daughter. It was a severe blow to the squire, for Mrs. Snowden was a woman who obeyed orders and never spoke her mind—a woman after his own heart. And she was nearly twenty years older than he, a fact which made it certain both to her and to the gossips that he did not wish to marry her—a matter about which Squire Maxon was very sensitive. He was practical himself; and considering the practical advantages which he had to offer to a wife, he could not have believed that there was a marriageable woman in the town who would not be more than willing to share his lot.

Where could he find a meek and docile housekeeper who would not try to marry him?

Two days later, while he was still in the throes of uncertainty, and Mrs. Snowden's trunk was packed, he received this letter from Calista Peebles:

"Dear Squire Maxon,—I hope you won't think hard of me, or feel as if I wa'n't sensible of what a great honor 'twould be for me to be your wife, but I can't help thinking it's better for me to stay as I be. Perhaps you've heard that folks want me to have the post-office. They would have got up the petition jest as soon as it was known that Emerline Giles was going to give it up, only they didn't know as I'd be willing to give up my parlor to it; but I'd jest as leave as not, and 'twill be a sight of company for grandmarm and me." Here followed a sentence which was crossed out by heavy pen strokes. Calista had written, "There was a time, Eben, when I thought a sight of you," and then she had stayed her hand suddenly, and upon reflection had crossed the words out. "He never said a word like that to me," she thought, with a touch of womanly pride. "I feel real honored, and I want you to believe it; but I don't want to marry you."

Squire Maxon read this letter over three times before he felt sure that he understood it. That poor, lonely, plain-featured, little old maid had declined to marry him!

"Well, I needn't have worried, and that's a fact," he said to himself. "I wonder what 'twas that she scratched out so carefully after she wrote it?"

He was suddenly filled with a curious interest in Calista. He was not sure that she was not an altogether new type of woman.

He found an ink eraser, after some difficulty, in the depths of his old-fashioned secretary. He worked away for an hour on the illegible sentence. The squire was a man whose bump of curiosity was largely developed. At last, by supplying a lost letter here and there, he was able to read, "There was a time, Eben, when I thought a sight of you." Squire Maxon blushed and laughed as sheepishly as a school-boy. He recalled the Calista Peebles who had sat in the singing seats, and remembered that in spite of her nose she was pretty. He thought of her, more or less, all day, and by the next morning he had decided upon what seemed to him the best way out of his difficulty. Calista was meek; at least, he would not be troubled by an attempt at "home rule," which was his great dread in matrimony.

In the mean time Calista had made a discovery. Her niece Delight had arrived on her long-promised visit, and in a very short time had confided to her aunt the important fact that she was engaged to Frank Maxon, the squire's nephew, who was studying law in the same office in which she was a stenographer. In a moment Calista saw the mistake she had made. She felt wholly crushed by shame when the squire's words, with their new meaning, flashed across her mind. One reflection had a little comfort in it.

"It ain't as if I'd said yes," she said to herself.

She could hardly force herself to go to the door when she saw the squire getting out of his wagon again.

"So you'd rather have the post-office than to have me!" were the first words he said.

"I tried to get the letter back," she stammered. "I—I don't know how I come to be so foolish as to think that you could mean—"

"I mean that I want you for my wife, that I think more of you than of any woman in the world. That's plain enough, ain't it? And I think you're just about as pretty as you was when you used to sit in the singin' seats."

The squire was overdoing things, no doubt; he was vaguely aware of it himself; but I am not at all sure that Calista did not, for the moment, believe him. But she only said,

"There's something that seems to suit me particular about bein' postmistress; it's real cheerful; and I 'ain't never been mistress of anything, and I was always one that would have liked to have my own way consid'able."

Delight, who had no doubt that the visit was intended for her, came in just then, and the talk was all about Frank and the future prospects of the youthful pair. But as the squire was going away he called back to Calista:

"I'm comin' again. *I* mean to have my own way!"

But grandmarm, who awaked from a nap just as Calista returned to the sitting-room, remarked that she had "a terrible set look on her face."

"It's a dretful pity that you've got to sell the parlor furniture, C'listy," she said. "You won't get nothin' nigh what it's worth if Emerline Giles is goin' to set up house-keepin'. Folks won't pay for second-handed things. I remember when your mother furnished that parlor she give a sight for the things. Never was a Bolton that wa'n't extravagant."

"I expect I shall lose some money," said Calista; "but I've had the experience."

SECRETARY TRACY'S BEREAVEMENT.

By a fire, the origin of which at the time of writing is unascertained, the handsome Washington residence which General Tracy had rebuilt, altered, decorated, and furnished, and in which his family had been settled but a few weeks, was almost entirely destroyed, the wife, who had been a faithful companion for more than forty years, was killed, and the youngest daughter—talented, amiable, beloved by all who knew her—was suffocated to death, undoubtedly while trying to save her father's life. Mrs. Wilmerding, the widowed daughter, and her child were saved by jumping from the window of their bedroom to the ground, and, although sprained and bruised, suffered apparently no permanent injury. The Secretary himself, awakened by the alarm of fire, but not fully realizing its extent or danger, had started to dress, when, overcome by the smoke, he fell unconscious to the floor. His heroic wife vainly tried to move him toward the window, and when Chief Parris burst into the room, and, calling for help, carried him to where a ladder could be reached, she, bewildered, clambered out of a window, and, unable to hold on to the sill, slipped and fell to the stone area below. Only the most vigorous measures, promptly applied by the medical attendants, resuscitated the Secretary. To the list of dead must be added a French maid—a native of Switzerland, and a stranger in this country—whose escape was cut off from her attic chamber by the fire and smoke, and who was burned to death.

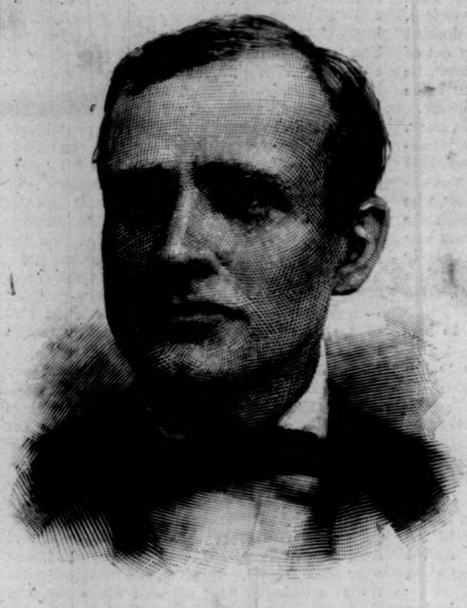
Messages of condolence and sympathy have been sent from almost every quarter of the globe. The Queen of England, the King of Italy, the President of the French Republic, expressed their personal sympathy, voiced for all foreign nations by their accredited representatives in Washington. State Legislatures, municipal corporations, Grand Army posts, and countless private organizations testified to the public sorrow by the kindest testimonials of their sympathy. Once again is "all the world made kin" by its presence, with words of comfort, at the side of those who are left. And no man brought more loving, brotherly sympathy and encouragement to the mourning husband and father, fighting for his own life, than the President, on whom devolved the task, which others shrunk from assuming, of communicating to the bereaved Secretary the full measure of his loss.

The house in which the tragic scenes of Monday morning last took place, and which, with blackened walls, fallen roof, and staring, dismal windows, is now a marked contrast to the handsome residence bought by Secretary Tracy for his Washington home, is a three-story and attic brick structure, occupied during the last administration by Postmaster-General Dickinson, and owned at that time by Paymaster Bacon, United States navy. It faced on Farragut Square, in a delightful neighborhood, with one of the most charming outlooks in the capital, over the flowers and shrubbery of the pretty little park, and up broad Connecticut Avenue to the heights beyond. The house itself from the outside was plain in appearance. Within, the ceilings were unusually high, the staircase broad and easy, the rooms large and well arranged. For the needs of his family, and the exercise of that generous hospitality the Secretary so much enjoys extending to his friends, the house seemed to him too small, and an addition was built on the eastern side, filling up the vacant space between it and the next house, and adding five rooms to its capacity. The mansard-roof was also removed, and the brick-work carried all the way up, thus giving an attic over the third floor. The first story was three rooms deep. In front, the library, panelled in handsome woods on walls and ceiling; east of it, the new drawing-room, handsomely decorated in white and gold; back of it, the reception-room, finished in pink and gold, where Mrs. Tracy and her daughters received their guests on cabinet days; and opening out of this was the large dining-room, with butler's pantry at the side. On the second floor the front rooms were occupied by Mrs. Wilmerding and her daughter, the middle room was the son's—who at the time of the fire was at the family's country home in Owego—and over the dining-room was the bedchamber, with bath-room adjoining, occupied by General and Mrs. Tracy. The front rooms on the third floor were Miss Tracy's. One she was using temporarily as a bedroom until her own was ready, and the latter, with her artistic skill and admirable taste, she was decorating and arranging to suit herself. Here after the fire were found left lying on a chair her palette and brushes, paints, and other materials, while on the head-board of the bed, spared in the general ruin, the skilful artist fingers had limned festoons of poppies and morning-glories pendent from true-lovers' knots. Back of these rooms were the servants' quarters, and in the attic slept the French maid.

On Sunday night, the second of this month, Secretary Tracy, who had been sitting in the library with his daughter, reading, retired to his room about half past ten. Mrs. Tracy came down stairs as he went up, and remained in the library perhaps an hour. Miss Tracy went upstairs about eleven, and was heard playing to herself on the zither—an instrument of which she was very fond, and on which she was an expert performer. At half past six in the morning the laundress and kitchen girl came down, lit the gas in the kitchen, called the men who slept in the basement, and while one of them went to church, the other pursued her usual duties. There was then no apparent sign or smell of fire or smoke. A few minutes before seven a colored man passing by on the other side of the street saw flames through the library windows. Ringing the bell, he informed the astonished butler that the house was on fire. Without any thought of the fatal consequences, the servant threw open the folding doors of the library, and the fire, which had originated in that room in some mysterious manner, and had been feeding on the oiled wood-work for no one knows how long, fanned by the draught, was drawn out into the hall. The frightened butler rushed upstairs and sought to arouse the household; then stumbled and tumbled down the stairs into the open air. The flames spread with terrific rapidity. The wooden panellings were at once the beauty of the house and its destruction. The alarm had been turned in, but before the ladders could be raised to the front windows, Mrs. Wilmerding, wrapping her daughter in her ulster, bade her jump, and immediately followed herself. They were picked up and carried to a neighbor's, where their bruises, which were fortunately not serious, were carefully attended to. A policeman, rushing in through the smoke, found the body of the daughter outside her father's door. She had started to dress, but had then rushed down to arouse her parents, when the smoke overcame her, and falling unconscious, she became an easy victim. The French maid perished in her own room, cut off from all escape by fire and smoke. Another servant was rescued from the cornice of the roof.

After Mrs. Tracy fell she was taken to the house of a Mr. Rheem near by, and here she lived for some time, perfectly conscious and free from pain, dying peacefully of rupture of the lungs, with a loving message to her husband on her lips. The Chief of the Fire Department, with the assistance of another, had taken the unconscious and apparently dying Secretary down the ladder and into Mr. Rheem's house, from which, as soon as able, he was removed to the residence of Bancroft Davis, and from there, on Tuesday afternoon, went to the Executive Mansion as the guest of the President, who had been early at his bedside, and had been constant and unremitting in his attentions and kind offices. At his desire the remains of Mrs. and of Miss Tracy were taken from the residence of Attorney-General Miller to the White House, and from there, with appropriate ceremonies, with as tender consideration as though from their own home, and amid the unrestrained sorrow of the gathered friends, were removed to a place of temporary burial at Rock Creek Cemetery receiving vault. The final interment will probably be at Owego.

Such are, in brief, the details of a calamity which has saddened Washington as but few events have ever affected it before. A nation's heart beats in sympathy with the sorely afflicted husband and father. His home was one of the happiest and brightest; his affection for his family a marked trait in his character; and their devotion to him noticeable at all times to those who had the privilege of their friendship. Mrs. Tracy was gentle, quiet, unassuming, beloved by all who knew her, and a great favorite within the official circle into which she had so lately come. Her quiet birthplace at Owego, New York, was her delightful retreat from the busy scenes of city life,



JUDGE A. B. FLEMING, GOVERNOR OF WEST VIRGINIA
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY PARSONS, WHEELING.

and her return there each summer was always anticipated with heart-felt pleasure. Her long residence in Brooklyn had made her well known to all its citizens, and from the little town in western New York and the City of Churches comes the same loving testimony of affection and of sorrow. Miss Tracy was like her mother in many ways. Petite of figure, a decided blonde in appearance, she had the most winning manners, and a sweet smile and a kind word for all. Her thoughtfulness for others became entire forgetfulness of self. Although in Washington but so short a time, she had endeared herself to many, and Mary Tracy will be a synonym with all who knew her for all that was lovable and good. As an artist she had remarkable talent and skill, and was also an excellent musician. Unobtrusive, tender, considerate, her gentle nature was ever prompting her to good deeds for others.

The Secretary himself has but a slight tenderness in the bronchial tubes as a reminder of the physical shock, but his mental suffering who can picture or even imagine? The American people will bid him be strong, and aid him with their sympathy and affection to continue the work he has so well begun.

GOVERNOR FLEMING.

SOMEBODY was elected Governor of West Virginia in November, 1888. It has taken fifteen months to decide who that somebody was. The Democratic claimant was Judge A. B. Fleming; the Republican was General Nathan Goff, Jun., ex-Secretary of the Navy. At first it was supposed that the State had gone for Harrison, and for Goff by a much larger majority, but as the returns came in it was soon found that Cleveland had carried the electoral vote. Finally the returns gave Goff about one hundred majority. A contest was at once begun. The Democrats alleged that hundreds of negroes, "colonized" from Virginia, had voted illegally for Goff. The Republicans claimed that the returns should be accepted at their face value. The contest in the Legislature was hot, but the Democrats finally won, and General Goff was not seated. When inauguration day came the Republican claimant took the oath as Governor, and tried to assume the office. Governor Wilson refused to give it up, and has held over, pending the result of the contest, until now.

For eleven months the Legislative Committee heard arguments and testimony on the case. Finally two reports were presented. The case was argued last week before the State Senate, and the vote at last stood—for Fleming, 42 Democrats and 1 Union Labor man; for Goff, 40 Republicans. Judge Fleming was thus at last entitled to take his seat. He has only two years now to serve.

The new Governor is a young man comparatively. He has distinguished himself as a lawyer and on the bench, and is personally popular.

TWO MUNIFICENT GIFTS.

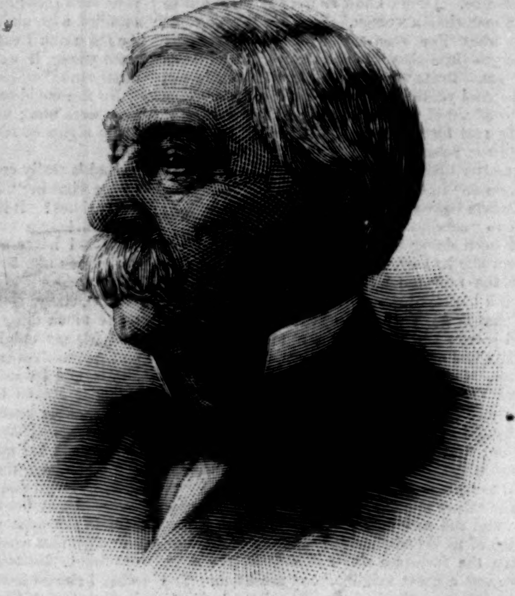
ON Thursday, February 13th, the magnificent building comprising a public library, art gallery, and music-hall, presented by Andrew Carnegie to Allegheny City, Pennsylvania, was opened with appropriate dedicatory ceremonies.

With the single stipulation that the city maintain it for the designated purposes, the structure, which cost $300,000, is an unconditional gift to Allegheny City. It stands opposite the City Hall, on the northeasterly one of the four parks, each 200 feet square, which William Penn gave to the city to be used for municipal purposes. These parks lie at the corners formed by the junction at right angles of the two principal thoroughfares, near the centre of the city. Allegheny City already has a large collection of books to serve as the nucleus of the library collection, and its citizens have begun to show their appreciation of æsthetic culture by the presentation of works of art to the gallery.

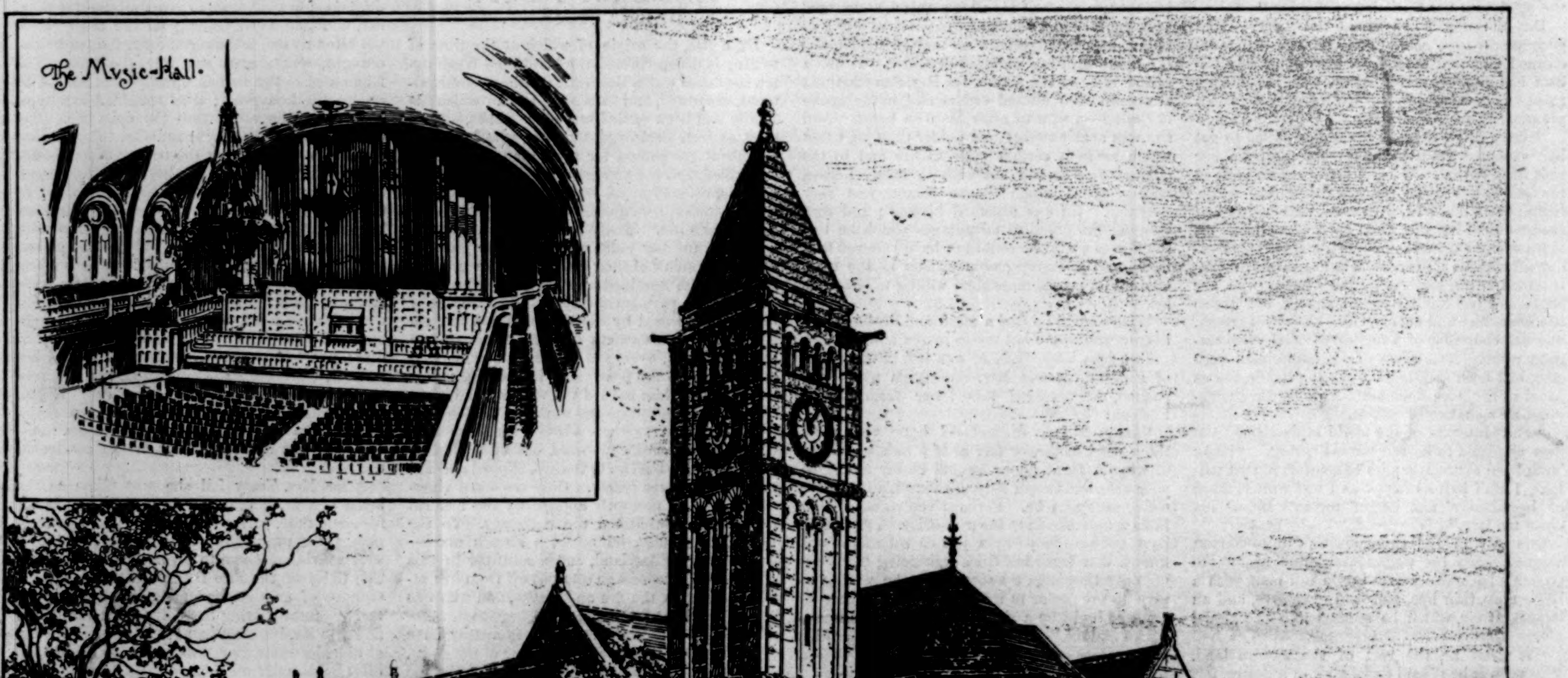
The building thus generously given, of which we present an illustration, is a massive, symmetrical, and beautiful fire-proof structure, built wholly of granite and iron. The plans were selected from a large number offered in a public competition. Smithmeyer & Beltz, the designers of the great National Library in Washington, were the architects chosen. The building was constructed under the direction of a citizens' committee, of which Mr. James B. Scott is chairman.

But this princely gift to Allegheny City has been surpassed by Mr. Carnegie's recent offer to Pittsburgh of $1,000,000 for the purpose of founding a central free library with several branches. In return for his magnificent donation he asks the city to pay $40,000 annually—four per cent. of amount invested in the buildings—for its maintenance, the money to be raised by taxation. Mr. Carnegie, who has spent much time in the examination and study of public buildings of an educational character, proposes first to construct and furnish a grand central library building, the books of which are to be used both for reference and circulating purposes. The central building, which is to be fire-proof, will contain a fine room for the reception of works of art, it being intended by the giver that in time it will become a magnificent art museum. The building also will contain rooms for the meetings of the various learned and scientific societies comprised in the Academy of Sciences. The intention of Mr. Carnegie is to furnish rooms for such societies to meet in, leaving it for other wealthy men of Pittsburgh to raise a fund for scientific research. The branch buildings will contain portions of the circulating library from the main structure, and books are to be dealt out in the manner that experience may demonstrate to be most in accordance with the needs of the people. These branch libraries will contain rooms for reading and literary societies, and such other organizations as will lead people to read, which is the great object desired.

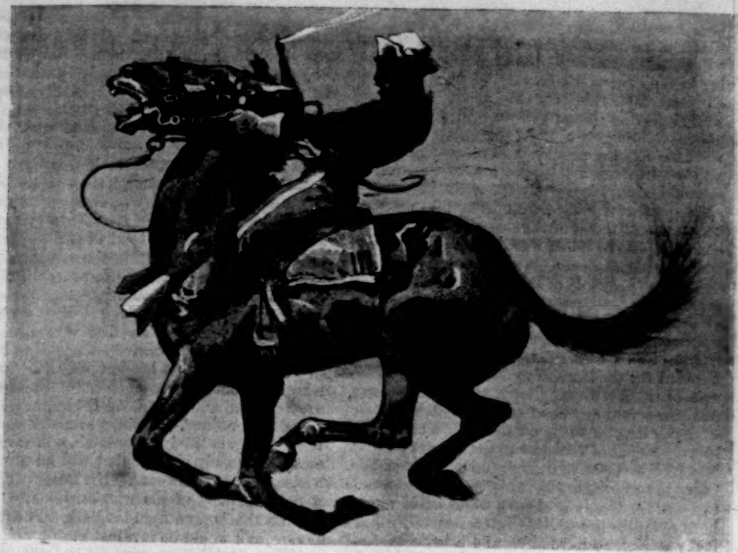
The proposition includes site and building of a monumental character, and it is intended that the central building and the branch buildings shall be models of architectural skill. As far as has now been determined, the Commission or Board of Trustees in the management of the library will consist of twenty-one members; nine of these, who will represent the city government, are to comprise the Mayor, the presidents of the Common Council, the Select Council, and the Central Board of Education, and five members of a Library Committee, to be appointed by the Councils; and twelve citizens, to be chosen by the giver of the fund. The twelve citizens upon the commission will provide for the election of their successors; and the officers representing the city government are directly responsible, of course, to the people, and their places, when vacant, will be filled in the ordinary manner of municipal elections. Mr. Carnegie will furnish some books for the library, but the city revenue of $40,000 is the one relied upon to maintain the annual growth of desirable literature.



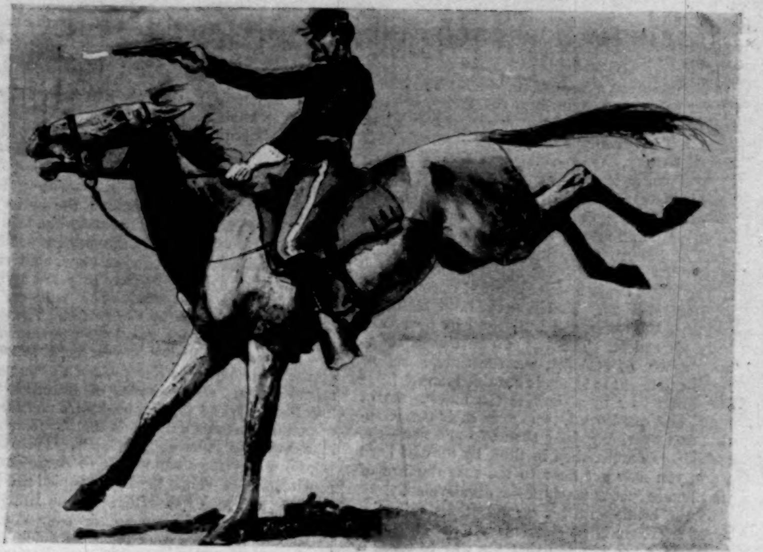
ALANSON W. BEARD, THE NEW COLLECTOR OF THE PORT OF BOSTON.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MARSHALL.—[SEE PAGE 130.]


The Music-Hall.

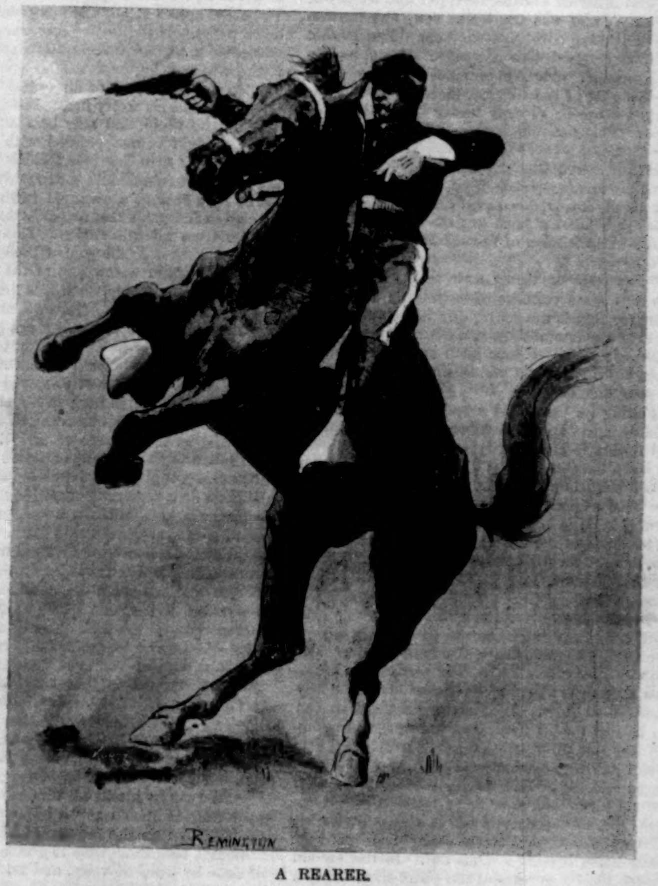
THE CARNEGIE LIBRARY AND MUSIC-HALL AT ALLEGHENY CITY, PENNSYLVANIA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY DOBBS, PITTSBURGH.



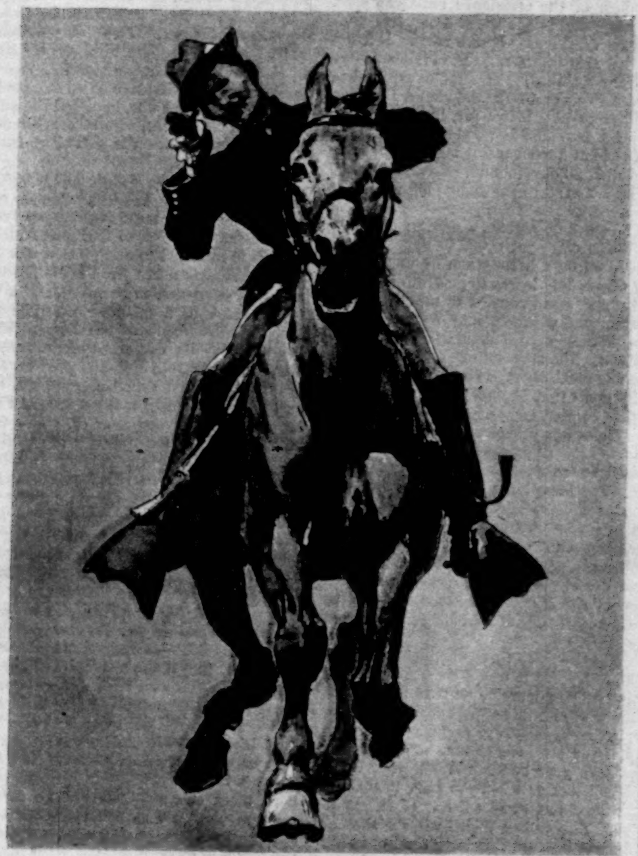
UGLY.



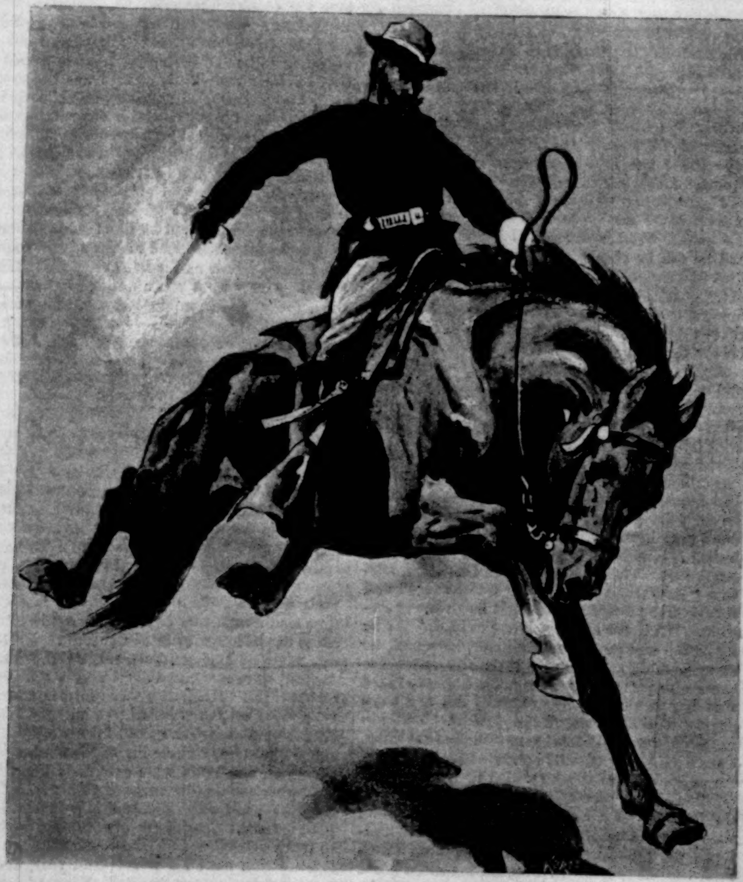
A KICKER.



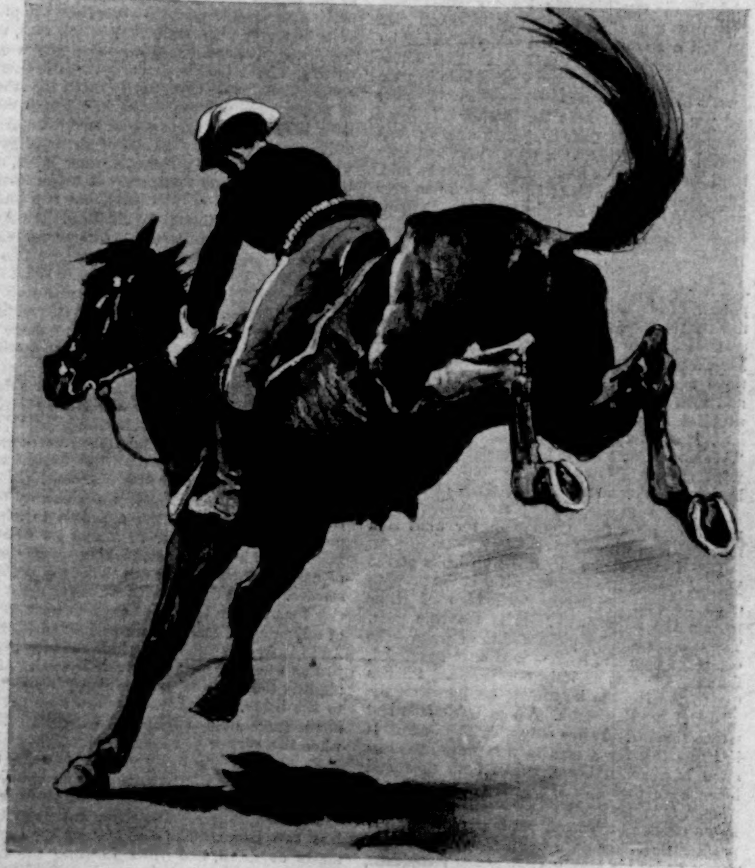
A REARER.



A STEADY GOER.



A PLUNGER.



ANOTHER KICKER.

TRAINING ARMY HORSES TO STAND FIRE.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 130.]

BREAKING A HORSE TO STAND FIRE.

Providing you never had thrown leg over horse, drawn sabre, dug spurs into the flanks of your beast, precious glad (under orders, of course) to get a hill between you and an uncommonly well served battery, then nothing can be easier than to take pen in hand in lieu of a revolver, and in a chair instead of a saddle, to sit down and write the most startling and novel theories about riding in general, and more particularly of that special kind of horsemanship known as "the military seat." To be logical is not to be paradoxical, and so you might begin in the approved German philosophical method. You have the three factors—the man, the horse, and lastly, and by no means least, the saddle. The first two have their different degrees of stability, but the saddle can be made and ought to be made a stable quantity. If you know how to assimilate the movements of biped and quadruped, to temper their personalities, and providing your base of operation—the saddle—is secure, then in time, by dint of hard work, you may get near to the manufacture of that homogeneous machine—a cavalryman.

Is the bridle with bit complications to be ignored? There is no elementary book on riding which does not tell you that the way to teach a man to manage a horse is to do away altogether with any idea of the assistance reins can give. The best horsemen in the world—vaqueros, cowboys, Cossacks, Guachos—ignore reins. It is not possible that this argument, the reduction of so many different things to a simple expression, would suit a Roemer, a Dyer, the august Baucher, or a Saumur cavalry instructor, but this is advanced as far as relates in good and safe riding, and even elegant horsemanship: get your saddle right, and then all else follows.

What may it avail to say something about the uncommon long-bows your grandsires drew at Hastings? Once on a time, a quarter of a century ago, there really happened to be a man (he had been lifted on a horse when he was a four-year-old) whose duty it was to lick into shape an awkward squad, or to convert as rapidly as possible certain infantrymen into mounted men. Some few of these men had ridden, but the majority had not. The material was superb as far as discipline and pluck went. It became an absolute military necessity that a company of mounted men for scouting, courier, and outpost duty should be formed. There was a choice as to men, and the selection was made of light weights. The saddles were United States regulation ones with McClellan trees. It was uphill work at first, but two months' steady instruction brought up horses and men to a fair amount of efficiency. Style! There was not a bit of it. To have to live on horseback made equitation second nature. The much and deservedly abhorred "tongs across a wall" way of riding never was seen, because the saddle and adjustment of stirrups rendered that vice impossible.

It was a period when there was plenty of fighting to do, and, alas! it was a time, too, when a horse was really of more value than a man. It was a callous speech on the part of the instructor to make, but he always kept saying: "Use yourselves up, if you are fools enough to do that, but you must save your horses. Walk your horse when you can, so that when you have to make a break, the beast has some surplus of energy to draw upon. Dunces lose their lives, are shot, or made prisoners because they have tired out their horses for no good purpose." One thing he insisted upon was this, that no matter how changed might be the condition of a horse, a galled back arose from neglect on the part of the rider. "If you had a seam that chafed you, you would be precious careful to smooth it out. Your horse cannot complain. Now you wear a hole in your horse's back from your —— —— carelessness, and you will never hear the last of it." That company respected their captain, who never was flurried when caught in a tight place, and they knew besides that he meant exactly what he said. No accoutrement or bit of *impedimenta* was ever allowed to flop. It had to be secured. Perhaps the men had very little to carry. Very often that company was off miles and miles away in a wilderness, far distant from any base of supplies, and it was not uncommon to see a man swap a portion of his scant rations with his mate so as to have the use—only the use—of a small bit of castile-soap wherewith an apparent gall on a horse's back could be washed. From sheer fatigue more than one horse gave in, for horses and men were overworked; but those animals that had normal strength came out of the trouble, lank, it is true, but as good and sound as ever. "Watch out for your saddles and how they fit," was that captain's constant cry, "and your horses' backs will take care of themselves."

It is the saddle, always the saddle, which makes or mars the cavalryman, for what is a mounted man without his saddle?

Did it ever strike any one who looks at the Muybridge pictures how beautiful is the position of the nude man on the barebacked horse? How perfect the adjustment? It is the true pose. The two are all of a piece, and the centaur—the combined man and horse—is at once suggested, for they are cast as if in one mould. Phidias carved the Hellene bestriding his horse on the frieze of the Parthenon. Those noble lads had not to ride far. It was only a dress parade. It is impossible for a man to ride great distances on a barebacked horse, unless both man and horse have that special training a circus only gives. It is not likely that the horse would suffer as much as the man. It is good practice to put a little fellow on a pony, with a square of carpet under his seat. That brings confidence, but really nothing else. A big horse is unsuitable for a child. There must be proportion between the two animals. But a short-legged man can ride a tall horse, as do the jocks, for such horsemen have trained to the utmost the muscular development of their legs and thighs. Monkeys, even when not strapped on, can cling like wax to their saddles.

The saddle of the jockey has been aptly described as having a middle and nothing else, and for what is required of it—a burst of speed, the duration being from one minute to three—it is an admirably devised saddle.

The nearer we can come to bareback riding, which was the primitive method, the better is it for man and horse, and paradoxical as this may seem, that is exactly what the perfect saddle of to-day aims at. Strange that we should return to the way of some thousands of years ago, and follow Semitic equitation. The simplest saddle is the one in use by the Arabs. The oldest Egyptian horse trapping follows the same plan. The Moors riding that saddle carried it across the straits from Africa to Europe, and as conquerors raided Spain. Other hordes of Islamites burst into Hungary, and passing backward and forward over the Ural Mountains, left their saddles as an inheritance to Poles and Cossacks. From Spain were brought horse and saddle to Mexico and all South America. Then the Texan copied the Mexican tree, and men rode after steers on Hungarian uplands or Russian steppes, or over Southern pampas or Northern prairies, all astraddle of the same saddle. When, a good many years ago, an intelligent United States officer was sent abroad "to find out things," he saw the Cossack and the Hungarian saddles. There was nothing essentially novel about them to him. He had ridden in them at home, but perhaps had never seen at once a thousand cavalrymen so mounted, even in Mexico. Coming home, he urged the adoption of a similar contrivance, with certain simple modifications, and so came the best of all cavalry saddles—the McClellan.

The secret of the saddle an Austrian officer presents as follows, and it is "that the under surface of the saddle must bear as nearly as possible the same relation to that part of the horse's back it is intended to occupy as a mould does to the cast that is taken from it." There is, however, one exception to be taken, and a vital one, to this idea of a mould. A saddle must not touch the backbone of the horse. The spinal column, with its dorsal vertebræ, resents abrasion. Bruise it, chafe it, and you hurt the horse; get a gall on that spinal column, and it is difficult to heal. It is a *noli me tangere* ridge to be let alone and steered clear of. This fact is recognized by the most clumsy of saddle-makers. You even want to ventilate or to keep cool in warm weather this horse spine. Go to a military museum, and see the absurd structures which have been built up to annoy horse and rider. (You must put the horse first, as really being the more important factor.) Granting that the cavalryman, when he moves, carries with him all his belongings, why should the man be made the centre of his pack? How a poor dragoon in some of the foreign services can move his arms—his natural ones—is difficult to imagine. It must be evident that if the heavily encumbered horseman were met by an agile and enterprising foe, the quicker opponent could give three sabre cuts to the man in the centre of his pack before the latter could twist round in his saddle. With a wall built up before and behind him, how can a man get into his saddle unless by the means of a horse-block or a step-ladder? Put the horse to rapid movement with this badly distributed and shifting load, and you first spoil his gait, and then you flay him alive.

There are two admirable horse trappings used in the United States cavalry, which tend toward making the saddle perfect. We deem the girth of the greater importance. We took that, too, from the Mexican. Looking over the vexed question of the buckle, granting that the Greeks and Romans made them pretty much like those of to-day, primitive races who had horses must have been happily ignorant of buckles. Arab saddles are secured by means of girths of great width, to which are attached leather loops, and through these loops thin pieces of tough leather are rove. These lacings are about two and a half inches in width and a yard long. An Arab is careful to anoint this lacing with butter, so as to have it pliant, and he always keeps two or three extra ones for emergencies. What the Mexican and Texan did was to dispense with the buckle. He took two pieces of iron, shaped them like a letter ᗜ, cutting off the parts above the straight stroke in the letter, and he sewed one of these strongly with a bit of tough leather to the saddle, and the girth itself to the other side of the saddle. Round one of the D-shaped rings he attached another piece of strong leather, and passed this from one to the other iron ring, and thus secured the girth. With this double leverage, enormous power is the resultant. If you want to, you can almost kill a horse by over-tightening his sinch. For a saddle to slip so girted is impossible. Show a man once how to fasten it with a flat hitch, tucking under the bit of extra leather, and the attachment is perfectly smooth. It would be worth while for those who ride for pleasure to adopt the sinch with its way of adjusting it, and so gain additional security. As to looks, the saddle flaps hide the attachment, just as when an ordinary buckle is used. Above all, it is the width of girth which gives comfort to the horse. The broad surface does not cut, nor is there a ridge left on the horse's belly as when two narrow girths are used.

People who are lucky enough to take their constitutionals on horseback have no knowledge of the difference between riding for pleasure and riding for business. The airing in the Park may last two hours. The cow-boy or cavalryman starts at dawn, and rides far into the night. There are few mounted men in actual service who have not ridden their horses to a stand-still. Of the two, the man or the horse, the first has the greater endurance, though when a man bestrides a horse, it is certainly the horse that does 99-100ths of the work. Your Park horse will weigh to-morrow within a half-pound (according to the hour of his feeding) of what he weighed yesterday. The cavalry horse, from hard work, uncertain hours of feed, will diminish two pounds and more a day. In prime condition when he left the post, in a week you can count all the vertebræ, and hang a hat on some of his salient bones. Every day the girth encircles a smaller bulk of horse-flesh. It is that constant adaptation of the fit of the saddle to the changing condition of the horse which has all to do with the animal's efficiency.

The first principle of the saddle being its exact construction and position, it is by the addition of light pads or carefully adjusted horse-cloths or blankets that galls are prevented. You never can harden a horse's back. What you can do, by watching the back, is to mollify varying pressures or modify them. A good back on a horse, like peace, is the fruit of eternal vigilance.

If you happen to be on the plains, not forced to work fast, but still must plod on, get off your horse if you see irritation under the saddle. Carry the saddle, if you must, or beg a comrade to "tote" a double load for a while, while you relieve your poor brute. Use water, soap—if you are lucky enough to have any—and a little oxide of zinc, if you have that in your stores. Blessed be he who invented wooden stirrups! and worthy of Neptune (who was the horse god) was he who added leather coverings to them. You cannot well be dragged with a wooden stirrup, and in cold weather your feet are not frozen. As to the hanging of the stirrups, there is but one rule—they must be directly under the seat of the rider. This position is not alone the safest for the man, but it saves the horse. There is a fixed point for the equilibrium of the saddle. It must have no leverage, now front, now back. It is not direct, steady, downward pressure that makes holes in a horse's flesh, but the constant movement. The friction of the saddle does the cruel business.

"Put your saddle as near as possible above the fourteenth vertebra of the horse's dorsal column, for that is the centre of a horse's motion;" so says a prime authority, an Austrian major of Hussars; and "let your girth and your stirrups hang down right in a middle line from the centre of your saddle."

Felting for use under a saddle for long heavy riding, or the Indian *numlah*, is an abomination. All felting is close, stuffy, and creative of sores. A light blanket, one you can double or make into folds, has every advantage over felt. Keep the blanket smooth. Never allow it to have a wrinkle. If in constant use, wash it, air it. As to the back of the horse, watch that closely. It wants light curry-combing and washing. Hand-rubbing, equine massage, sometimes will save a a horse from galling.

Mr. Remington's various sketches bring into notice the breaking of horses for pistol practice, such education as is carried out in the school of cavalry instruction. The first picture of the series shows the alarm of the horse, and a slightly discomfited rider. It is about all the man can do to stay on his horse, but his equestrian powers are not to be held at a low estimate. The pistol has just been discharged, and the encumbered hand must be brought to bear on the rein, for the horse will come down heavily. That upward flirt of the horse's tail is rather indicative of "ugliness," because a really frightened or tired horse carries a limp tail. In the second sketch the horse rears at the pistol-shot. It is a rather bad rear, because on one side. Too taut a rein on the left might throw horse and rider over, only the rise of the horse is not high enough yet for that catastrophe. In the third sketch we have a kicker with a cool, steady rider. The man catches the proper balance, for you can draw a perpendicular line through the back of his head, his seat, and his toe in the stirrup. In number four the horse is a plunger, and executes the French *rouade*. After the first spring the horse will gather his legs under him and repeat the movement. The rider has a good seat, and though the horse's head is down, he must lift his head, and he can be checked on the next jump. The fifth sketch shows a horse used to the business, moving at a swinging stride. The cock of the horse's ears indicates that the animal knows that a pistol is to go off, and he steadies his nerves for the explosion.

Mr. Remington is in the highest degree realistic, and constructs his horse just as he sees him, which is something Giulio Romano never did. If Mr. Remington had painted "Napoleon crossing the Alps," he would not have made the Emperor sea-sawing on a hobby-horse. All methods of breaking in horses (save for man-killers, and this breed had better be tamed out of existence) are based on the principle that kindness to animals is worth more than brutality. Some of the older ways of breaking horses to stand fire can be found in the erudite works of M. Robert de la Guerrière, who was "Écuyer du Roi" some one hundred and seventy-five years ago, and what he writes is sensible. "A horse is not a brave animal." If he had more will power, or obstinacy, he would be as intractable as a zebra. It does seem hard to those who poetize about the noble horse to insist that his mental powers are really not any more developed than those of the donkey. You can accustom a normal horse to stand almost anything, even what the hostler told about to Mr. Pickwick, "a vaggin load of monkeys with their tails burnt off." It is not a bad plan, says that old "Écuyer du Roi," to let a horse smell your pistol first; then to snap it unloaded. In old times, when flint-locks were used, the horse soon became accustomed to the spark. In a stable, in time, a horse will not jump at the crackle of a match, nor be alarmed when it blazes. If there is a steady animal in the company, a good plan is to take the green horse alongside of the old stager, and though the former may wince at the first discharge, seeing his comrade all right, the effect of the shock is diminished. Sometimes signals for watering or feeding may be made by the discharge of a fire-arm. There are occasionally animals of so nervous a disposition that it takes no small amount of patience to overcome their natural timidity.

In frontier service, where horses have to become used to pistol practice, their range is sometimes made near the drill-ground where practice with fire-arms is carried on. Then the animals after a while take no heed of the discharge of fire-arms. In Philadelphia the situation of the Zoological Garden is alongside of one of the busiest railroads in the country. All day long locomotives are tearing along tracks with their whistles screeching. At first the noise threw some of the more sensitive animals into fits, but in time they took no heed of the din. When a man is mounted on a green horse, the first fires are delivered with the pistol behind or on either side of the animal. It takes some weeks before the horse gets used to the flash, and it is a remarkably steady charger that will let a man fire a pistol between his ears. Mr. Roosevelt tells of a hunting pony of his who stands like a rock when a rifle is fired from his back. Such a horse is rare, and would be invaluable.

When fresh horses are used in artillery teams, only one new horse is put in the trace at a time. The other horses steady the new-comer, and keep down panic. If the reader ever was abroad, and witnessed a regiment drilling in Paris or Berlin, if there were firing exercises he would be pretty sure to see an officer or an orderly breaking a horse to stand musketry fire. Though the horse may not be timid, and may be made to keep a fairly straight course parallel with the line of fire, it will be seen that it is difficult to stop him. An attempt to check him too roughly will be followed by a rear or a plunge. In time, however, a horse understands that no harm has so far come to him from all this racket. Many of our artillery officers will tell you of their horses that will stand within a few feet of the breech of a piece and never budge when it is fired.

The perfect horse of the man at arms is the one, then, that stops at nothing, not because he is brave, but because he is perfectly tractable, and obeys every word and movement of his master. Such a horse the writer of this once was intimate with. Had the horse been so directed, he would have galloped right up to a wall of fire. He was as indifferent to fire as to water. He could have been taken to a sea-beach, and with his rider the dear beast would have swum on and on until he had been drowned. For such implicit faith and obedience a man loves a horse, preserves ever fresh his memory, and would like to erect a monument over his poor bones. Kind words, petting, but an absolute determination on the part of the rider to make a horse obedient without loss of temper on the man's part, accomplish what whip or spur never will. The question may be asked whether a blooded horse is more manageable than one of commoner origin. The consensus of opinion is that the best-bred horse, having increased mental development, brought about by closer intimacy with man, is the more tractable. Not so long ago, at a cavalry training school, the writer saw what was good horsemanship. A cavalry officer without spurs, and with a hazel twig in his hand, which he never used, made what is known as "a high-spirited horse" put both feet on the foot-board of a locomotive. Though it took some time to accomplish it, it was all done by word of voice, and no loud or angry tone was indulged in.

"Does he stand fire?" asked a brother officer.

"Fairly well," was the reply; "but from the very first he had an invincible dread of a locomotive. This is his tenth lesson. I was two mortal hours the first time in making him sidle up to a locomotive, and that locomotive was not even fired up. This time he has been twenty minutes at it, but then the steam would hiss. I shall make him all right in time. It's patience that does it, and a good saddle. He is a nice beast, and fond of me. I do not think I ever whipped him yet. If he was a kicker, I might let him feel punishment. Yes, he has as good blood in him as any horse in the country; but, as I was saying, it's patience that does it." That was an accomplished horseman, for when he graduated, the riding-master had said: "What Mr. —— don't know about riding and a horse's nature are not worth knowing. A little soft-hearted, maybe; but I never knew that to do any harm."

B. P.

HON. ALANSON W. BEARD.

Hon. Alanson W. Beard, who has just been appointed Collector of the Port of Boston, is not a new man in Massachusetts politics, having already held the same position under the administration of ex-President Hayes, while he has for many years been a recognized and powerful party leader in the State. The appointment is somewhat notable from the fact that it is the first time that a man who has once served in that position has been reappointed Collector. Mr. Beard was born at Ludlow, Vermont, on the 20th of August, 1825, and was brought up in the town of Stockbridge. His father was a farmer, and while yet a mere lad young Beard was initiated into the hardships of a New England farmer's life. Outside of the family circle his opportunities for securing an education were extremely limited, but his father and mother encouraged his ambition to learn, and, so far as they were able, smoothed the path for him. At the age of seventeen he began to teach school, and this he continued with little intermission until his twenty-first year, when he went into business at Pittsfield, Vermont, keeping a country store for the succeeding six years, and at the same time acting as postmaster of the village. In the month of September, 1853, he went to Boston to seek his fortune, and for the next two years acted as a clothing salesman. In 1856 he went into the clothing business, the firm at first being Beecher, Beard, & Co., and subsequently assuming the form of Freeland, Beard, & Co., and later Beard, Moulton, & Bouve. In 1878 Mr. Beard retired from business. Ever since he began business for himself Mr. Beard had had the management of from 200 to 600 workmen, the manufacturing department being invariably under his charge. From the beginning of his career he had taken great interest in politics, and had exercised no little influence both in primaries and in party conventions. While a resident of Boston, in 1864, Mr. Beard was placed on the Republican State Central Committee, a position he held during the years 1865 and 1866, and in 1868 he was a delegate to the Chicago Convention which nominated General Grant. In 1870 and 1871 he represented the town of Brookline in the lower branch of the Legislature. It was at that time that he began the agitation against the imperfect corporation laws, which resulted in the enactment of the present laws in their greatly improved form. In the latter year he began the long fight against the double taxation of mortgaged real estate, which was continued vigorously for ten years, when his efforts were successful. In 1875 Mr. Beard was again chosen a member of the Republican State Central Committee, acting as chairman for that year. On the 26th of February, 1878, he was appointed Collector for the Port of Boston, and upon his confirmation by the Senate succeeded Hon. William A. Simmons. During Mr. Beard's term as Collector there was an increase of twenty per cent. in the receipts over those of his predecessor in office, while there was at the same time a large decrease in the expenses. Mr. Beard served as Collector until 1882, when he was succeeded by Colonel Roland Worthington, the proprietor of the Boston *Traveller*. In 1884 and 1885 he was a member of the Massachusetts Legislature, and was the chairman of the Committee on Taxation in 1884, and was also a member of the Committee on Finance, to the chairmanship of which he was advanced during the following session. He was again a member of the Republican State Central Committee in 1883, 1884, and 1885, and for the second time was elected chairman in 1885. During the latter year he was unanimously nominated and elected Treasurer of the Commonwealth, a position he held during the years 1886, 1887, and 1888. He was a Delegate at Large to the National Republican Convention in 1888. A fine specimen of physical manhood, Mr. Beard stands six feet and two inches high, weighs 220 pounds, enjoys excellent health, and has a constitution of iron, but the wear and tear of an unusually active life have left a silver tinge in his hair and a stoop in his shoulders. His close-cropped hair and iron-gray mustache give him a somewhat stern look, but personally he is one of the most genial and approachable of men.

The office is one of the highest under the Federal government in the State, and on all great occasions the Collector is called upon to respond for the President of the United States. From the days of Sir Harry Frankland—the impetuous young Englishman who collected customs "when George the Third was King," and improved the intervals in making love to Agnes Surriage, the barefooted Marblehead girl, whom he afterward educated and finally married because she saved his life at Lisbon—to the present time the place has been filled with men of mark. Under the Continental government the Collector was General Benjamin Lincoln, who had served under Washington with distinction, and was rewarded with this place when peace was declared. A Vice-President of the United States—Hon. Hannibal Hamlin—John Z. Goodrich, Hon. Thomas Russell, David Henshaw, Hon. George Bancroft (the historian), Hon. Robert Rantoul, Hon. Marcus Morton, Arthur W. Austin, General James S. Whitney (father of ex-Secretary Whitney, of the Cleveland administration), General Darius N. Couch (who served with distinction in the war), and the retiring Collector, Hon. Leverett Salstonstall, a direct descendant of Governor Saltonstall, have each performed its duties with eminent fitness.

WHAT IS ASPHALT?

Asphalt, or more properly asphaltum, since the former word is applied in a generic way to include all the compounds of this substance, is one of the forms of bitumen found very widely scattered over the earth's surface, and in very small percentages permeating many rocks. Its formation is, without doubt, due to natural causes, similar to those producing petroleum, natural gas, and many forms of mineral hydrocarbons. To account for it, several theories have been proposed. By some it has been maintained that it originated in the rocks where it is found, by others that it is a distillate from vegetable or animal remains, and again that it is the result of purely inorganic chemical reactions. It is difficult to believe, in view of the general distribution of bitumen, and its occurrence in rocks of all ages and geological formations in such immense quantities, that it is possible to attribute its origin to either of the first two theories, no matter how plausible they may seem as applied to particular localities; nor is there, from a chemical point of view, any necessity for supposing the bitumens to be of the same origin as coal merely because they consist of carbon and hydrogen.

The chemical theory of their inorganic origin has been advanced by many investigators, but that which Mendeleff proposed in 1877, founded upon his extended experience in the Russian oil-fields, seems more generally acceptable and probable. The deposits of oil and bitumen occur along or in the neighborhood of lines of geographical upheaval or mountain ranges, as, for example, in Pennsylvania and in Russia. The dislocation of the strata during the disturbances connected with the upheavals must have caused fissures and cavities between the strata which naturally would be larger at greater depths, where the angular displacement was more obtuse and therefore wider. In these cavities the bituminous products would be formed and accumulate. They would originate (in the way to be presently described) in the lower ones, where the temperature was great, and then be forced to higher levels, into the porous overlying strata, or into sands themselves. In some cases they eventually reach the surface, but usually require the aid of borings for the plentiful escape of the products.

Of the interior of the earth's crust we are led to believe, from its great density, that it must be composed to a large degree of matter in the metallic form; and reasoning from the analogy of meteorites, it seems very probable that it consists largely of metallic iron; and from more extended geological and physical reasoning it is to be inferred that the iron and other metals are, most probably in the form of carbides, containing (like cast-iron and steel) considerable proportions of carbon, free and combined. Water penetrating into the fissures which have been mentioned, where these carbides exist at a high temperature, would be converted into steam, and reacting in the usual way with carbon, would produce hydrogen or hydrocarbons, varying in character with the temperature, pressure, length of action and other conditions which might exist. These then would from their own pressure eventually reach the surface or higher levels. Hydrocarbons have been prepared in this way in the laboratory by Cloez, and if this theory be correct, there is no reason why their formation should not continue in the earth's crust for ages to come, so that the supply of gas, oil, and bitumen may be continually renewed.

Under certain of the above conditions, gas would be formed; under others, oil; and again, asphalt. With the asphalts and their origin we are alone concerned. Whether they are the result of simpler processes or of complicated ones cannot be determined; but it is more than probable that they originate from the modification of some originally simpler bituminous substances, either by condensation or polymerization, by evaporation, or by oxidation. The last process is certainly a minor element in any change, since oxygen is not probably available in the lower strata, and most asphalts with which we are acquainted contain comparatively small amounts of oxygen. Polymerization, or the condensation of two or more molecules of a substance into one—a change well known in the laboratory in hydrocarbon compounds—is probably the most effective agent in the production of asphalt. In fact, some petroleums can be converted, artificially, to asphalt by the aid of heat. Evaporation alone can be the cause of but little change, although it may be the means of separating asphalt products from others; as for oxidation, it is natural to suppose that it must influence such material destructively, and not productively, as the oxidation products of soft asphalts are brittle and non-adhesive.

The gradations of the processes of formation, whatever they may be, are such as to produce asphalts, varying all the way from "maltha," or soft mineral tar, to "glance-pitch," which is as brittle as glass; while other varying conditions produce minerals more like the soft coals, which are not true asphalt. The asphalts are found in the free state mixed with earthy matter, and impregnating silicious and calcareous rocks, scattered very widely over the world. In Kentucky, Alabama, Georgia, Central America, Venezuela, California, and in many parts of Europe are found springs of maltha, or mineral tar, of viscous consistency, and closely resembling gas-tar, in which the bitumen is quite free from admixture of foreign matter. The same peculiarity is also noticeable in the solid, glassy, and brittle glance-pitch of Texas, Mexico, Cuba, and other localities. Mixed with a large amount of silicious earthy matter derived from the bed through which it oozes to the surface, it occurs in the celebrated pitch lake of Trinidad, in the West Indies. It is also widely found impregnating loose sandstones in West Virginia, Kentucky, Alabama, and California. In France, Germany, Sicily, and Switzerland it is found forming bituminous limestones, and these deposits, together with the pitch lakes in Trinidad, furnish the great commercial supplies of the world.

Asphaltum, excluding the viscous bitumen or maltha, which is more properly classed separately, is an amorphous, lustrous solid, of bituminous odor, melting or softening at the temperature of boiling water, burning with a smoky flame, readily soluble in carbon bisulphide, largely soluble in turpentine, and somewhat in ether or alcohol. It is a complicated mixture of hydrocarbons, of whose constitution little is known. On distillation a rank, light yellow oil is obtained, boiling below 540° F., and a residuum is left which cannot be further volatilized without destructive distillation, the products then being rank and heavy oils, with some crystals like paraffine. Distillation with a current of steam removes the light oils more readily. Boussingault found the pale light oil, which he called petroline, to have a specific gravity of 0.89, and a composition corresponding to $C_{30}H_{32}$. The residue, called asphaltine, contained a small proportion of oxygen. The softer asphalts contain more of the oily petroline, and the harder the reverse. Analysis of the portion of the Trinidad asphalt which is soluble in ether shows that it contains carbon 85.89 per cent., hydrogen 11.06, sulphur 2.49 undetermined, nitrogen and oxygen 0.56 per cent. Beyond this we know but little of the chemistry of asphalt, all other results being unreliable, and any investigation surrounded with considerable difficulties.

On this side of the ocean the chief source of supply of asphalt is the pitch lake of Trinidad. In Europe the bituminous limestones of France, Germany, Sicily, and Switzerland furnish the chief material for paving purposes. At Seyssel, in the Department of the Ain, France, at Ragusa, Sicily, at Limmer, near Hanover, Germany, at Vorwohle, in the Duchy of Brunswick, Germany, and in Val de Travers, Canton Neufchâtel, Switzerland, limestones are found impregnated quite uniformly with from 9 to 11 per cent. of bitumen. These are mined on a large scale, and after preparation, or heating alone, are used for roadways and sidewalks. The limestone is of fine hard grain, but not crystalline, that of Seyssel being harder and containing somewhat less bitumen. From these rocks two classes of pavement are made, one by the "hot compression" process, the other by the "mastic" process. The compressed asphalt is used for roadways, the mastic for sidewalks, floors, etc. In the first the rock is reduced to a fine powder by disintegrators and rolls, and then heated in cylinders with revolving helices or paddles, in a current of hot air, until softened and freed from the more volatile oils. It is then hauled to the street in carts. It loses its heat very slowly. There it is spread, and evenly raked, tamped, and rammed until compact and resonant. As soon as cool it is ready to bear traffic.

In the mastic process the original crushed rock is heated in kettles containing a certain amount of melted refined bitumen or asphalt, now generally the Trinidad variety, the amount varying according to the richness of the rock. With the addition of this asphalt the rock melts, without it it will not melt. It is then thoroughly mixed, and cooked for several hours below 300°, and then run into moulds. This preparation, in the form of blocks, containing about 15 per cent. of asphalt, is then again manipulated on the streets. Alone it will not melt, so that another proportion of refined asphalt (Trinidad), softened with oil of some description (in this country, heavy oil of gastar; abroad, shale oil), is added to the broken cakes. After complete softening, under continued stirring in the heating kettle, sand and coarse grit are added, and after being thoroughly mixed, the material is taken and poured upon the prepared surface from buckets, to the thickness of from one inch to one-half inch, and spread like plaster with wooden smoothing tools, smoothed, then dusted over with clean sand, and while cooling rubbed down to a fine surface with slabs of stone and sand. The proportions in the mixture are about as follows: Broken prepared mastic, 60 per cent.; Trinidad asphalt cement, 4 per cent.; sand and grit, 36 per cent. This form of surface is preferred for walks, the hot compressed form for roadways. Mastic is distinguished by its greater elasticity, owing to the high proportion of asphalt it contains, which makes it suitable for use in floors and roofs, which must be water-tight and free from cracks, and in places where there is much expansion and contraction. Good examples of its use may be seen in City Hall Square, New York, and in the floors of the United States Bureau of Engraving and Printing, Washington.

The Sicilian rock asphalt has been used considerably for the last four years in Rochester, New York, and St. Augustine, Florida. Its introduction on Madison Avenue, New York, during the present year is being undertaken. Nearly all the asphalt surface in existence, amounting, according to Captain Green, to over 3,500,000 square yards, is composed of compressed concrete of Trinidad asphalt, cement, and sand. The source of this asphalt is the pitch lake in the island of Trinidad. This is a flat expanse of over one hundred acres of rough brownish bitumen, of an earthy look, very much cracked, and honey-combed with, here and there, pools of water and patches of soil upon its surface. In the centre is a soft spot which will not bear a man's weight, though over the remainder carts can be driven, so that it can hardly properly be called a lake. From borings, which were at one time made to reach oil, it appears to be about 18 feet deep. Beneath there is a bed of sandy clay, through which the asphalt seems to rise, contaminating itself in this way with the mineral matter. The deposits must contain, in all, several million tons of crude asphalt. It is about three miles from the sea, and a hundred feet above the sea-level. It is excavated with picks, hauled to the shore, carried through the surf by laborers to lighters, and loaded on vessels, which bring it to this country. It possesses the properties of viscosity to a sufficient degree to flow together in a solid mass in the hold of the vessel, from which it is again removed by picks in discharging the cargo. The character of the material from different parts of the lake, and from the old deposits between the lake and the shore, is very different, the older deposits being much harder and drier, containing less of the oily constituents, and at times showing portions resembling coke.

The asphalt as unloaded from the vessel is a dull brownish black, earthy-looking substance, containing much water and some earth and vegetable remains. It is heated in large tanks for several days, with the result of driving off the water and bringing it to a liquid condition, the temperature reaching between 300° and 400° Fahr. Much of the earthy matter settles, and the organic or vegetable remains rise to the top and are skimmed off. It can then be drawn off as refined asphalt.

The water in going off carries with it several other volatile ingredients. If condensed there will be found floating on it a light yellow oil, the petroline previously referred to, which is easily volatile in steam. It is very rank and sulphurous, and it is a question whether it is of any value. In some cases it is returned to the melted asphalt. The water also will be found to be of strongly acid reaction, and to contain a considerable amount of matter in solution. As yet the nature of this matter has not been made out, but it is probably connected in some way with the chemical processes involved in the original production of the bitumen. At the lake considerable quantities of hydrogen sulphide gas are evolved at the soft spot, and the water in the bitumen becomes impregnated at the same time with the crystalline salts and acid found in it on refining. Refined asphalt has a dull fracture, darker than the crude asphalt, and a homogeneous appearance. It is very brittle at ordinary temperature, and possesses little cementitious value. To give it the necessary tenacity it is mixed, while at a temperature of about 325° Fahr., with from seventeen to twenty pounds per hundred of the residuum from the distillation of petroleum, a thick heavy paraffine oil, varying considerably in composition, according to the source of the petroleum and method of distillation. Thorough agitation is very necessary to produce an even product, which in summer, on cooling, can be easily indented with the finger, and on slight warming, drawn out into strings, and showing great tenacity. This is the asphalt cement of the paving industry. It must be prepared with great care, and it requires considerable experience to obtain a regular product of the proper consistency. A mistake in this regard is fatal to the life of the surface. It is a good cementing material, and has only the disadvantage of the presence of the foreign organic matter not of a bituminous nature, which is undesirable, for reasons which need not be considered here. The fine mineral matter is scarcely a disadvantage, since it would necessarily be added in the preparation of the surface mixture. It is, in fact, generally supplemented by a proportion of fine powder of limestone, for the purpose of filling the voids in the sand. It consists very largely of fine silicious sand and some clay. An analysis of the mineral residue from an asphalt cement shows:

Sand insoluble in acids	82.63 per cent.	
Containing silica		78.10 per cent.
Iron, alumina, and lime	17.37 per cent.	
	100.00	

The non-bituminous residue, from the last drawn portion of a tank of cement, which was coarser than the above material, consisted of:

		Per Cent.
Organic matter		7.80
Silica and silicates insoluble in acid		87.67
Containing silica	81.64	
Alumina and trace of iron	7.53	
Alumina		2.20
Iron		1.77
Lime		.50
		99.94

Asphaltic cement of this description contains from 68 to 70 per cent. of bitumen, and is mixed with the following materials for the production of the paving surface:

Clean sharp sand	63 to 58 per cent.
Crushed stone dust	28 to 23 "
Powder of limestone	3 to 5 "
Asphalt cement	13 to 16 "

The details of the operation are as follows: The mixture of sand and stone-dust is heated in rotary drums to a temperature of not less than 250° Fahr. nor more than 325°. A portion of this is measured out in a box of known contents, together with the proper amount of cold powdered limestone. It is then dumped into a double-bladed mixer revolving from 45 to 60 times per minute, and the required weight of melted asphalt cement at a temperature of about 300° added. Mixing for about a minute or two produces a homogeneous mass, which is dropped into carts and hauled to where it is to be used. There it is spread upon the foundation to the requisite depth, and rolled with heavy hand-rollers of iron oiled with petroleum. After this preliminary compression hydraulic cement is scattered upon the surface, and the final work of compressing it is done by continued cross-rolling with heavy stone and steam rollers until the mixture is cold. The surface is then ready to be thrown open to traffic.

Refined asphalt is used for various purposes other than that of paving cement: as, for example, in engineering works like an ordinary cement, as a water-proofing material, and for roofing purposes, and as a paint or varnish. Varnish is made by dissolving the asphalt in oil of turpentine, with the addition of alcohol and other minor ingredients. Paper-felt is saturated with it for roofing purposes, and some patent insulators contain it as a constituent. In masonry it is used with great advantage where the walls must be water-tight, as in the arches of aqueducts or tunnels, and also where rigidity is undesirable, as in the concrete foundations for machinery to prevent vibration in the neighborhood due to high speed or shocks.

THE NEW LINCOLN CLUB HOUSE, OF BROOKLYN.

Among the most prosperous of the purely social clubs of Brooklyn, now so numerous, is the Lincoln Club, which has just celebrated Lincoln's birthday, February 12th, by formally opening its new club-house, at 65 and 67 Putnam Avenue, with a ladies' reception. This club, which was at first formed for political purposes, soon after its incorporation entirely dropped its political features and became a purely social organization, a change which speedily resulted in increased membership. Everything about the new edifice, which is the work of Architect R. L. Daus, of Brooklyn, is solid, substantial, and comfortable. It is four stories high, with a frontage of forty-five feet by fifty feet deep, and with a two-storied extension in rear of equal depth, on the top story of which there is a splendidly lit and ventilated billiard-room, which has not its equal in size in any club-house in New York or Brooklyn.

The style of the building is that of the early French Renaissance, the material consisting of a tasteful blending of pressed brick, Lake Superior brown-stone, and terra-cotta, the whole embel-